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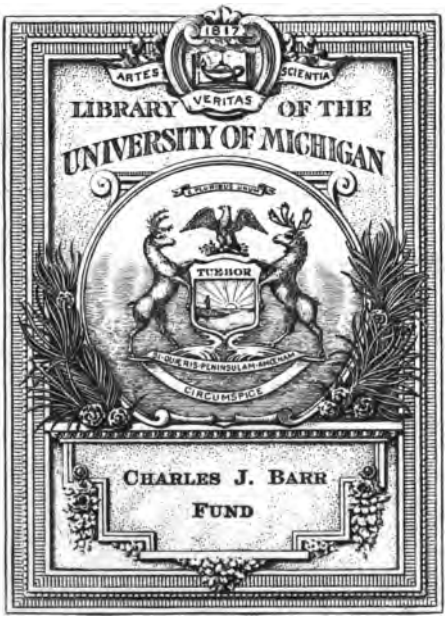
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# THE EVER GREEN,

## BEING A COLLECTION OF SCOTS POEMS,

Wrote by the Ingenious before 1600.

THOMAS SHEEN.

VOL. II.

*Quha dar presume thir Poetis to impung,*
*Quhais Sentence sweit throw* ALBION *bin sung.*
Sr. D. LINDSAY.

Thomas Sheen
*EDINBURGH:*
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*at Pope's Head.* MDCCLXI.

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# A New Yeir Gift

*To Queen MARY, when she came first Hame, 1562.*

I

WELCUM, illustrat Lady, and our Queen
Welcum our Lyone with the *Floure-de-Lyce;*
Welcum our Thistle with the *Lorane* Grene.
Welcum our Rubent Rose upon the Ryce,
Welcum our Jem and joyfull Gentryce;
Welcum our Beil of ALBION to beir;
Welcum our plesand Princes maist of Pryce,
GOD give you Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

II.

This Gude New Zier we hope with Grace of God,
Sall be of Peace, Tranquillity and Reſt;
This Zeir fall Reaſon rule the Rod,
Quhilk ſae lang Seaſon has bene ſair ſupreſt;
This Zeir firm Faith ſall freely be confeſt,
And all eromous Questions put arreir
To labour that this Lyfe amang us leſt.
God give zou Grace againis this gude new Zeir.

III.

Heirfore addreſs thee duely to decore,
And rule thy Regne with hie Magnificence;
Begin at God to gar ſet forth his Glore,
And of his Goſpel get Experience;
Cauſe his true Kirk be had in Reverence,
So ſall thy Name and Fame ſpreid far and neir,
Now this thy Det to do with Diligence,
God give thee Grace againis this gude new Zeir.

IV.

Found on the firſt four Vertues cardinall,
As Wiſedom, Juſtice, Force and Temperance,
Aplaid to prudent folk, and principall
Of vertuous Lyfe, thy Worſhip to advance:

Wey Justice equal without Discrepance,
Strengthen thy State, with Stedfastnoss to Reir,
To temper Tyme with true Continuance.
GOD give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

V.

CAST thy Consate by Council of the Sage,
And cleave to Chryst has kept thee weil in Cure
Atttinget now to twenty Zeirs of Age,
Preservand thee from all Misaventure.
Wald thou be served and thy Countrie sure
Still on the Common-weil haif Eye and Eir,
Press ay to be protectrix of the Pure,
Sae GOD fall gyde thy Grace this gude new Zeir.

VI.

GAR stanche all Stryfe, and stable thy Estates,
In Constance, Concord, Charity and Love;
Be bissy now to banish all Debates,
That twixt Kirk-men and temporal Men dois muve,
The pulling down of Policy repruve,
And let perversed Prelates live perquier,
To do the best beseikand GOD abuve,
To give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VII.

At Croſs gar cry be opin Proclamation,
Undir grit Pains, that nowther he nor ſcho
Of haly Writ have ony Diſputation,
But letterd Men or learned Clerks therto;
For Lymmer Lads and little Laſſes lo,
Will argue baith with biſhop, Preiſt and Freir:
To danton this thou has enouch to do,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

VIII.

But wyte the wickit Paſtors wald not mend
Their vicious, Living all the Warld preſcryve:
They tuke nae tent their Traik ſould turn till end,
They were ſae proud of their Prerogatyves,
For wantones they wald not marrie Wyves,
Nor zit live chaſt but chop and change their Cheir;
Now to reform their lecherous leud Lyves,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

IX.

They brocht thair Baſtards with thee Skruf they ſkraip
To blande their Blude with Barons by Ambitios,
They purcheſt pithleſs Pardons frae the Paip,
To cauſe fond Fuils conſyde he hes fruition,

As God to give for ſins a full Remiſſion
And Sauls to ſaif from ſuffering Sorrow ſeir:
To ſet aſyde ſic Sort of Superſtition,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

X.

They Benifice and Pention tint that marriet;
On *Frydays* quha eit Fleſh was fyr-fangt;
It made nae miſs quhat Maydens they miſcarriet,
On Faſting Days they were not brunt or hangt.
Licence for Lechry frae thir Lord belangt,
To give Indulgence as the Deil did leir,
To mend that Menzie has ſae mony mangt,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir

XI.

They lute the Leiges pray to Stocks and Stanes,
And paintit Papers, wats nocht quhat they meiq:
They bad them beck and binge to deid Mens Banes,
Offer on Kneis to kiſs ſyne ſaif their Kin,
Pilgrims and Palmers paſt with them between,
Sanct *Blais*, Sanct *Boit*, blate Bodies Ene to bleir,
Now to forbid this grit Abuſe hes bene,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XII.

THEY tyart GOD with Trifles tume and Trantals,
And deivd him with their daft and daylie Dargeis,
With owklie Abits to augment their Rentals,
Mantand, Mort, Mumbeling, mixt with mony Lies,
Sic Sanctitude was Sathan's Sorceries,
Chrysts silly Sheip and sobir Flock to smeir,
To ceise all sindrie Socts of Hereseis,
GOD give thee Grace agains this Good new Zeir.

XIII.

WITH Mess and Mattins nae ways will I mell,
To judge them justly passes my Ingyne,
They gyde not ill that governs weil themsell,
And honestly on Lawtie lays their Lyne,
Doubts to discus, for Doctors are Divyne,
Cunning in Clergy to declair them cleir:
To order, this the Office now is thyne,
GOD give the Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XIV.

As Beis tak Wax and Honey of the Floure,
So does the Faithful of GOD's Word tak Fruit,
As Wasps receive frae aff the same but sour,
Sae Reprobates the Scripture dois rebute,

Words without Warks availeth not a Cute,
To ſeik thy Subjects ſae in Luve and Feir,
That Richt and Reaſon in thy Realm may rute,
God give thee Grace againe this gude new Zeir.

XV.

The Epiſtles and Evangells now are Preicht.
Bot Sopheſtrie or Ceremonys vain;
Thy People, maiſt Part, truely now are teicht
To put away Idolatrie prophane,
But in ſum Hearts is graven new again,
An Image callit curſd Covetice of Geir,
Now to expell that Idol ſtands up plain,
God give thee Grace againe this gude new Zeir.

XVI.

For Sum are ſene at Sermons ſum ſa haly,
Sing and Sanct *Davids* Pſalter on their Buiks
And are but Bibliſts fairſing full their Belly.
Backbytand Nybours noying them in Nuiks,
Ruggand and reiſand up Kirk Rents lyke Rukes;
Lyke very Waſpis againſt God's Word mak Woir;
Now for Chriſtiane to kiſs with Chanters Kuiks.
God give thee Grace againe this gude new Zeir.

XVII.

Dewtie and Detts are driven by Doubleneſs,
And Folks are flemit frae zung Faith Profeſſors,
The greateſt ay the greidyar I geſs,
To plant quhere Preiſts and Parſons were Poſſeſſors
Teinds are uptane by Teſtament Tranſgreſſors,
Credence is paſt of Promiſe thocht they ſweir,
To puniſh Palmers, and reproach Oppreſſors,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir.

XVIII.

Puir Folk are famiſt with their Faſſions new,
They fail for Falt that had before at ſouth,
Leil Labourers lament and Tennants trew,
That they ar hurt and herriet North and South:
The Heidſmen have *Cor mundum* in their Mouth
But nevir mynd to give the Man his Meir,
To quench thir quent Calamities ſo cowth,
God give thee Grace agains this gude new Zeir,

XIX.

Protestands tak the Friers auld Antetewme,
Ready Reſavers, but to render nocht,
So Lairds uplift Mens Leiving, ower thy Rewme,
And are richt crabit quhen they crave them ocht.

Be they unpaid, thy Purſevants are ſocht,
To pund pure Commons Corn and Cattle keir,
To viſſy all thir wrangous Warks are wrocht,
GOD give thee Grace agains this gud new Zeir.

XX.

*PAUL* bids nane deal with Thing Idolatheit,
Nor quhair Hypocraſie hes bene committit;
But Kirk-mens curſed Subſtance aft ſeims ſweit,
Till Land-men that with leud Bird Lyme are lyttit.
Gif thou perſave ſum Senzior it has ſmittit,
Soliſt them ſaftly not to perſeveir;
Hurt not their Honour, tho thy Hieneſs wit it,
But graciouſly forgive them this new Zeir.

XXI.

FORGIVENES grant with Gladeneſs and Gude will.
*Gratis* to all into zour Parliament,
Syne ſtabliſh Statutes, ſtedfaſt to ſtand ſtill,
That Barone, Clerk and Burges be content,
Thy Nobles, Earls and Lords in conſequent,
Treit tender to obtain their Hearts inteir,
That they may ſerve, and be obedient
Unto thy Grace this new and mony a Zeir.

XXII.

Sen ſae thou ſits in Seat ſuperlative,
Cauſe every State to their Vocation go,
Scholaſtic Men the Scriptures to diſcryve,
And Majeſtrates to uſe their Sword alſo,
Merchands to trade and traffick to and fro,
Mechanicks Work, Huſbands to ſaw and Sheis,
So ſall be Wealth and Welfare without Woe,
Be Grace of God agains this gude new Zeir.

XXIII.

Let all thy Realme be now in Readyneſs,
With coſtly cleathing to decore thy Courts,
Zung Gentlemen for dauncing thame addreſs,
With courtlie Ladys coupled in Conſors,
Frak feirce Gallands the Field Games to enforſs,
Enarmed Knychts at Liſts with Shield and Speir,
To feiche in Barrows baith on Fute and horſs,
ne thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zeir.

XXIV.

THIS Zeir ſall be Embaſſies heir belyve,
For Marriage, from great Princes, Dukes and Kings,
This Zeir within this Region ſall aryſe
Rowrs of the Rankeſt that in *Europe* rings;
This Zeir baith Blythneſs and Aboundance brings,
Navies of Schips outthrow the Sea to ſneir,
With Riches, Rayments and all Royal Things,
Agane thy Grace get a Gude-man this Zier.

XXV.

GIF Saws be ſuthe to ſchaw thy Celſitude,
Quhat Baith ſould bruke all *Britain* be the Sie,
The Prophecie expreſſly dois conclude,
The *French* Wyfe of the BRUCEIS Blude ſould be,
Thou art the Lyne frae him the Nynth Degree,
And was King *Francis* Partie maik and Peir.
Sae by Deſcent the fame ſould ſpring of thee,
By Grace of GOD agane this gude new Zeir.

---

*Gif Saws be ſuthe*, By this Verſe it appears that the Prophecy of JAMES the VI. ſucceeding to the Crown of *England*, and being the firſt King of *Great Britain*, was not as ſome would alledge, made after his Acceſſion; this Poem being wrote in 1561, ſome Years before his Birth.

XXVI.

Now to conclude, on Chryſt caſt thy comfort,
And cheriſh them that thou has under Charge,
Supone maiſt ſure he ſall ſend thee ſupport,
And len the luſty Liberos at large,
Believe that Lord can Harbary ſo thy Bairge,
To mak braid *Britain* blyth as Bird on Brier,
And thee extol with his triumphand Targe,
Victoriouſly again this gude new Zeir.

*L' Envoy.*

XXVII.

Prudent, maiſt gent, tak tent, and prent the Words,
Intill this Bill, with Will, them ſtill, to face,
Quhilk ar, not ſkar, to bar, on far, frae Baurds,
But ſeal, bot ſeal, may heal, avael thy Grace,
Sen ſo, thou ſhow, this to, now do, has Place,
Receive and ſaif, and haif, ingrave it heir,
This now, for Prow, that you, ſweit Dow, may brace
Lang Space, with Grace, ſolace and Peace this Zeire

*L E C T O R I.*

XXVIII.

Fresch, fulgent, fluriſt, fragrant, Flower, formoſe
Lantern to Luve, of Ladys Lamp and Lot,
Cherry, maiſt chaſt, cheif Carbuncle and Choiſe,
Sweit ſmyling Sovraign ſhining bot a Spot,

Bleſt, beautyful, benygn, and beſt begot,
To this Indyte pleaſe to inclyn thine Eir,
Sent by thy ſimple Servant *Sanders Scot*,
Greiting great GOD to grant thy Grace gude Zeir.

*Quod* ALEXR. SCOT.

## *To his HEART.*

I.

RETURN Hamewart my Heart again,
And byde quhair thou was wont to be;
Thou art a Fule to ſuffer pain,
For Luve of her that luves not thee;
My Heart let be ſic Fanteſie,
Luve nane but quhair thou has gud Cauſe,
An let her ſeik a Heart for thee,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws,

---

The Chronology of the Poems contained in this and the former Volume, is not to be expected, ſome of older Date having come to Hand after others, ſome hundred Years later have been printed beſides moſt of them having no Dates; the endeavouring to place them according to the Order of Time they were wrote in, and Incidents to which they related, was judged as uſeleſs as it would have proven difficult.

II.

To quhat Effect sould thou be thrall,
But thank sen thou has thy free Will;
My Heart be nocht sae bestial,
But knaw quha dois thee Gude or Ill;
At Hame with me then tarry still,
And se then quha playis best their Pawis,
And let the Fillock fling her fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

III.

THOCHT scho be fair I will not fenzie,
Scho is the Kynd with utheris mae;
For quhy thair is a Fellon Menzie,
That seimeth gude and are not sae:
My Heart tak nowther Pain nor Wae
For *Meg*, for *Marjory* or *Mawis*;
But be thou glad, and let her gae,
For Feynd a Crum of thee scho faws.

IV.

REMEMBER how that *Medea*
Wyld for a Sicht of *Jason* zeid,
Remember how that *Cressida*,
Left *Troilus* for *Diomede*.

Remember *Helen*, as we reid,
Brocht *Troy* from bliſs unto bare Waws,
Then let her gae quhair ſcho may ſpeid,
For Feynd a crumb of thee ſcho faws.

V.

Because I find ſcho tuke in ill,
At hir departing mak nae Care;
But all beguyld, go quhair ſcho will,
A ſchrew the Heart that mane makes mair;
My Heart be mirry late and air.
This is the final End and Clawſe,
And let her ſeid and fulzie fair,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

VI.

Neir dunt again within my Breiſt,
Neir let hir Slichts thy Courage ſpill,
Nor gie a Sob abeit ſcho ſnieſt,
Schois faireſt payd that gets her Will;
Scho gecks as gif I meind her Ill,
Quhen ſcho glaiks pauchty in hir Brows,
Now let hir ſnirt, and ſyk hir fill,
For Feynd a Crum of thee ſcho faws.

## *A Braſh of WOUING.*

I.

IN ſecret Place this hinder Nicht,
I heard a Bairn ſay till a Bricht,
My Hinny, my Howp, my Heart, my Heil,
I haif been lang zour Luivar Leil,
And can of zou get Comfort nane,
How lang will ze with Danger deil?
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

II.

His bony Baird was kemd and cropit,
But all with Kail it was bedropit,
Comich he was fuliſh and goukit,
He clapit faſt, he kiſt, he chukit,
As with the Glaicks he were oergane,
Zit be his Feirs he wald have——
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

III.

Quod he, my Heart, sweit as the Hinny,
Sen that I born was of my Minny,
I nevir wouit an uther but zou,
My Wame is of your Luve sae fou
That as a Ghaist I glowr and grane,
I trymle sae ze wadna trow.
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

IV.

Tehei, quod scho, and gae a Gawf,
Be still my Cowfyne and my Cawf,
My new spaind Howphyn frae the Souk,
And all the Blythness of my Bouk,
My swanky sweet, saif thee alane,
Nae Leid have I luvid all this Owk,
Fow leis me on that graceles gane.

V.

Quod he my Claver, my Curledody,
My Hinnysopps, my sweit Possody,
Be not owre bowstrous to your Billy,
Be warm hertit, not illwilly;

Zour Hals as whyt as Quhalis Bane,
Gars riſe on Loft my Quilly-lillie,
Ze brek my Heart, my bony ane.

VI.

Quod ſcho, my Clip, my unſpaynd Lam,
With Mithers Milk zit in your Gam,
My Belly Hudrom, my Hurle Bawſy,
My Honneyguks, my Sillar Tawſy,
Zour Pleins wad perſs a Heart of Stane;
Tak Comfort, my great headed Gawſy,
Fou leis me on zour graceleſs gane.

VII.

Quod he my Kid, my Capercalzeane,
My bony Bab with the rath Brilzeane,
My tender Girdil, my Wally Gowdy,
My Tirly Mirly, my Sowdy Mowdy,
Quhen that our Mouths do meit at ane,
My Stang dois cork in with your Towdy,
Ze brek my Heart my bony ane.

VIII.

Quod ſcho then tak me be the Hand,
Welcom my Golk of *Maryland*,
My Chirry and my maikleſs Mynzion,
My Sucker ſweit as ony Unzeon,
My Strummil Stirk zit new to ſpane,
I am applyd to your Opinzion,
Fou leis me on that gracelea gane.

IX.

Ha gaif till hir ane Aple ruby,
Gramerce, quod ſcho, my kind Cowhubby,
Syne thay twa till a Play began,
Quhilk that they call the Dirrydan.
Quhile baith their fancies mate in ane,
O vow! quoth ſhe quhair will ye Man,
Leil leis me on that gracelea gane.

# THE GOLDIN TERGE.

## I.

RIcht as the ſtern of Day began to ſchyne,
Quhen gone to Bed was *Veſper* and *Lucyne*,
I raiſe, and by a Roſeir did me reſt;
Upſprang the goldin Candill maculyne,
With cleir depurit Beims Chriſtalyne,
Glading the mirry Fowlis in thair neſt,
Or *Phœbus* was in purpure kaip reveſt;
Up ſprang the Lark the Hevenis Minſtrel ſyne,
In *May* intill a Morrow Mirthfulleſt.

---

The finding this Poem amongſt the old Manuſcripts, gives a great Pleaſure, it being particularly quotted by Sir *David Lindſay* in his Prologue to the Complaint of the *Papingo*, where he mentions many of the old Poets. In Commendation of Mr. *Dunbar*, he ſays,

*Or of* Dunbar *quha Language had at large,*
*As may be ſene into his* Golden Terge

II.

Full Angelyk thir Birdis ſang thair Houre,
Within thair Courtings grene within thair Bouris,
Appereillit quhyte and reid with Blumys ſweit,
Enamalit was the Feild with all collours,
The Perlit Dropis ſchuke in ſilver Schouris,
Quhyle all in Balm did brench and Levis Flict
Depairt frae *Phebus* did *Aurora* greit,
Hir criſtal Teirs I ſaw hing on the Flouris,
Quhilk he for Lufe drank all up with his Heit.

III.

For Mirth of *May*, with Skippis and with Hoppe,
The Birds ſang upon the tendir Cropps,
With Curious Nottis as *Venus* Chapell Clerks;
The Roſſes reid, now ſpreiding aff thair Knopps,
Wer powderit full bricht with hevinly Dropps,
With Rayis reid, lemying as ruby ſparks,
The Skyis rang with Scouting of the Larks,
The Purpure Hevin owre ſkailt in Silver Slopps.
Owre gilt the Treis Branchis Levis and Barks.

IV.

DOUN throwch the Ryſe an River ran quhois Streime
So lufely upon the lykand Leime,
That all the Laik as Lamp did leim of Licht,
Quhilk ſchadowit all about with twynkland Gleime,
The Bewis bathit were in ſecond Beime,
Throw the Reflex of *Phebus* Viſage bricht,
On every Syde the Ege raiſe on hicht:
The Bank was grene, the Sun was full of Beime,
The Streimers cleir as Sternis in frolly Nicht.

V.

THE Cristal Air the Saphire Firmament,
The Ruby Skyes of the reid Orient,
Kelt Berial Gleime on emerant Bewis grene,
The Rosy Garth depayut and redolent,
With Purpere, Asure, Gold and Gowlis gent,
Arrayit was be Dame *Flora* the Quene,
Sae nobilis that joy was ſen to ſene,
The Roche againſt the River reſplendant,
As low illuminate the Levis ſcene.

VI.

QUHAT throw the mirry fowls ſaft harmony,
Quhat throw the Rivers ſound that ran me by,
On *Floras* Weid I ſlopit quhair I lay,
Quhair ſone into my dreimand Fantiſy,
I ſaw approche agane the Orient Sky,
Ane Schip on ſail as bloſome on the Spray,
With maſt of Gold bricht as the Stern of Day,
Quhilk tendit to the Land full luſtely,
With ſwifteſt Motion throu a Chryſtal Bay.

VII.

And hard on Burd unto the blumit Meids,
Amangs the Grene Riſpies and the Reids,
Aryvit ſcho quheir frae anon thair ſands,
Ane hundreth Ladies luſtie intill Weids,
Als freſh as Flours that in the *May* upſpreids,
In Kirtills grene, withouten Kell or Bands,
Thair ſhynand Hair hang glitterand on the Strand
In Treſſs cleir wypit with goldin Threids,
With Pawps quhyt, and Middills ſmall as Wands,

VIII.

Discryve I wald but quha culd weil indyte,
How all the Flours with all the Lillis quhyt,
Depaint was bricht, quhilk to the Hevin did gleit,
Nocht *Homer* thou als fair as thou couth wryte,
For all thy ornat Style the maiſt perfyte
Nor zet thou *Tallus*, quhais Oratiouns ſweit,
In Rethorick did intill Terms fleit,
Zour aureat Tungs had baith bene all to lyte,
For to compyle that Paradyce compleit.

IX.

There ſaw I *Nature*, and als Dame *Venus* Quene,
*Aurora* freſh, and Lady *Flora* ſcene,
*Juno*, *Latona*, and *Proſperpina*,
*Diana* the Goddeſs of Cheſt and Wods grene,
My Lady *Clio*, that Help of *Makers* bene,
*Thetis* ſe grene and prudent *Minerva*,
Fair ſaynt Fortune, and lemand *Lucina*,
Thir michty Quenis, with Crownis might be ſene,
With Beims bricht, and blyth as *Lucifera*.

X.

THAIR ſaw I *May* of mirthfull Moniths Quene,
Betwix *April* and *June* her Sifters ſchene,
Within the Garden walkand up and doun,
Quhom of the Fowls reſaif Gladneſs bedene,
Scho was full tender in hir Ziers Grene;
Thair ſaw I Nature give till her a Goun,
Rich to behald, and noble of Renown,
Of ilka hew that undir Hevin has bene
Depaynt and braid be gude Proportioun.

XI.

FULL luſtiely thir Ladyis all in Feir,
Entereit into this Park of maiſt Pleſeir.
Quhair that I lay heilit with Leivs Rank,
The mirry Birds blisful of Cheir;
Nature ſaluſt methocht in thair Maneir,
And every Blume on Brench and on the Bank,
Openit and ſpred thair balmy Levis donk,
Full Law inclynand to thair Quene full cleir,
Quhom for thair noble nuriſing they thank.

XII

Syne to Dame *Flora*, on the ſamyne Ways,
They ſaluſt and they thank a thouſand Syis,
And to ſweit *Venus* neiſt, Luvis bony Quene,
They ſang Ballatis of Luve, as was the Gyis,
With amorous Nottis maiſt luſty to devyis,
As that they had Luve in thair Heartis grene,
Thair Hony Throtts they openit frae the Splene,
With Warbills ſweit they perſt the Hevinly Skyis,
Quhyle loud reſount the Firmament ſerene.

XIII.

Ane uther Court thair ſaw I ſubſequent,
*Cupid* the King, with Bow in Hand ay bent,
And dreidful Arrows groundin ſherp and ſquhair,
Thair ſaw I *Mars* the God armipotent
Awful and ſtern, braid, ſtrong and corpulent.
Thair ſaw I crabit *Saturn* auld and Hair,
His Luke was lyke for to perturb the Air.
Thair was *Mercurius*, wyſe and eloquent
Of Rethorick that fand the Flouris ſae fair.

XIV.

THAIR was the God of Gardens *Priapus*,
Thair was the God of Wildernes *Phanus*,
And *Janus* God of Entries delectable.
Thair was the God of Oceanis *Neptunus*:
Thair was the God of Winds hauld *Eolus*,
With variand Blasts lyke to an Lowd unstable.
Thair was blyth *Bacbus* glader of the Table;
Thair *Pluto* was, that elritch *Incubus*,
In Cloke of Grene, his Court was Clade in Sable.

XV.

AND every ane of thir in grene arrayt,
An Harp and Lute full mirreyly they playe,
And Ballats sang with michty Notes cleir:
Ladys to daunce full sobirly affyir,
Endlang the trotting River so they mayit;
Thair observance richt hevinly was to heir;
Then crap I throw the Brenches and drew neir,
Quhair that I was richt suddenly affrayit,
All throw a Lake that I half coft full deir.

XVI.

And ſchortly for to ſpeik, by Luves fair *Quene*
I was eſpyit, ſcho bad hir Archers kene
Go me areiſt; and they nae Tyme delayit;
Then Ladies fair lute fall thair Mantils grene,
With Bowis big, in traſſit Hairs ſchene,
Richt ſuddenly they had a Feild arrayit;
And zit richt gritly was I nocht affrayit:
The Party was ſae pleſand to be ſene,
A Wondir luſty Bikar me aſſayit.

XVII.

And firſt of all with bow in Hand ay bent,
Came Bewty's *Dame* richt as ſcho wald me ſchent,
Syne followit all her Damoſells in Feir
With mony divers awfull Inſtrument,
Into the preiſs fair *Having* with hir went,
Syne *Portratur*, *Pleaſance* and luſty *Cheir*,
Then *Reſoun* came with SCHIELD of GOLD ſocleir
In Plait of Mail as *Mars* armipotent,
Defendit me that noble Chevalier.

XVIII.

Syne tendir *Zouth* came with hir Virgins zing,
Grene *Innocence* and *ſchameful Abaſing*,
And quaking *Dreid*, with Hombyl *Obedience*,
The Goldin Terge it armit them naithing,
Courage in them was nocht begun to ſpring;
Full ſune they dreid to do a Violence:
Sweit *Womanheid* I ſaw come in Preſence,
A Warld of Artelzie ſcho did in bring,
And ſervit Ladyis full of Reverence.

XIX.

Scho with hir led *Nurtour* and *Lawlineſs*,
*Continuance*, *Pacience*, *gude Fame* and *ſtedfaſtneſs*,
*Diſcretion*, *Gentileneſs*, *Conſidderans*,
*Leſul Company*, and honeſt Buſineſs,
*Benign Luke*, *myld Cheir*, *and Sobirneſs*,
All thir bure Genzies to do me Grivans;
But *Reſoun* bure the Terge with ſic Conſtans,
Thair ſcharp Aſſay micht do me no Deirence,
For all their Preis and awful Ordinans.

XX.

UNTO the Preiſs purſewit *Hie Degrie*,
Hir followit ay *Eſtait* and *Dignitie*,
*Comparijon Honour* and *nobill Array*,
*Will*, *Wantoneſs*, *Renown* and *Libertie*,
*Riches* and *Fredome* and *Nobilitie*;
Wit ze they did thair Ramer hie Diſplay.
A Clud of Flanes lyke Hail-ſchot lowſit they,
And ſchot till waſbit was thair Arrelzie,
Syne went abak rebutit of the Prey.

XXI.

QUHEN *Venus* had perſavit this Rebute,
Scho bad *Diſſemblance* gae mak a Perſute
With all her Power to preſs the GOLDIN TERGE;
And ſcho that was of Doublenes the Rute,
Aſkit hir Choiſs of Archers in Refute:
*Venus* the beſt bad hir to wale at lerge;
Scho take *Preſence* plicht Anker of the Berge;
And *Fair Calling* that weil a Flane can ſcute,
And *Chereiſſing* for to complcit hir Charge,

XXII.

DAME *Hamelinesse* scho tuke in Company,
That hardy was and beynd in Archery,
And brocht in *Bewtie* to the Feild again,
With all the Choise of *Venus* Chevelly,
They came and bikkart unabaisitly:
The Showtis of Arrows roppit on lyke Rain,
Perrelus *Presence* that meny a Syre has slain;
The Battil brocht on Bordour hard me by,
The Assalt was all the fairer Suth to sane.

XXIII.

THICK was the Schot, of grundin Arrows kene,
But *Ressoun* with the GOLDIN SCHIELD sae schene,
Weirly deffendit quhoseir assayit;
The awfull Schower he manly did sustene,
Till *Presence* kest Powdir in his Ene,
And then as drunken Man he all forwayit,
Quhene he wes blind, the Fule with him they playit,
And bannist him amang the Bewis Grene;
That Sicht sae sair me suddenly affrayit.

XXIV.

THEN was I woundit, till the deth full neir,
And zoldin as ane woefull Priſoneir,
To Lady *Bewtie*, in a Moments Space,
Methocht ſcho ſeimit luſtyer of Cheir,
Aftir that *Reſſoun* had tynt his Ene cleir,
Than of befoir, and lovarly of Face;
Quhy was thou blindir, *Reſſoun?* quhy? allace!
And gart ane Hell my Paradyce appeir,
And Mercy ſeim quhair that I fand nae Grace.

XXV.

DISSIMULANCE was biſſy me to aſſyle,
And *Fair-Calling* did aft upon me ſmyle,
And *Cheriſſing* me fed with Words fair,
*Acquentance new* embraſit me a quhyle,
And favourt me till Men micht gae a Myle,
Syne tuke hir Lief, I ſaw her nevir mair;
Then ſaw I *Denger* towart me repair,
I cowth eſchew hir Preſence be nae Wyle,
On Syde ſcho lukit with a fremit Fare.

## XXVI.

And at the laſt deperting couth hir Dreſs,
And me deleverit unto *Havyneſs*
For to remane, and ſcho in Cure me tuke;
Be this the Lord of Winds with ſell Wodneſs,
God *Eolus* his Bougill blew I geſs,
That with the Blaſt the Aiks in foreſt ſchuke,
And ſuddenlie in the Space of a Luke,
All was hyne went, there was but wilderneſs,
Thair was nae mair but Bird and Bank and Bruke

## XXVII.

In twynckling of an Ee to Schip they went,
And ſwift up Sail unto the Tap they ſtent,
And with ſwift Courſe outowre the Flude they Frak;
They tyrit their Guns with Powder violent,
Till that the Reik raiſe to the Firmament,
The Rochis all reſoundit with the Rak,
For Reid it ſemit that the Rain-brow brak;
With Spreit affrayit upen my Feit I ſprent
Amangs the Clewis, ſae cairfull was the Crak.

XXVIII.

And as I did awake of this Swowning,
The joyfull Minſtralls mirryly did ſing,
For Mirth of *Phebus* tendir Beims ſchene;
Sweit wer the Vapouris, ſaft the Morrowing,
Hailſum the Vail, depaynt with Flowirs zing,
The Air atemperit, ſobir and amene;
In quhyte and reid was all the Eard beſene,
Throw Natures nobill freſch enamling,
In mirthfull *May* of every Moneth Quene.

XXIX.

O reverend * *Chawſer*, Roſe of Rethouris all,
As in our Toung the Flowir imperiall,
That evir raiſe in *Brittane*, quha reids richt,
Thou beirs of Makars the Triumphs ryall,
The freſch enamallit Termes celeſtiall;
This Matter thou couth haif ilumint bricht,
Was thou not of our *Inglis* all the Licht?
Surmounting every Toung terreſtriall,
As far as *Mayis* fair Morning dois Midnicht.

* This Panygyrick on *Chawſer*, as 'tis perfectly gen
rous and handſome from a *Scots* Poet, it likewiſe ſhe
that the Lowland *Scots* Language and the *Engliſh* at th
me were the ſame,

XXX.

O morale *Gower* and *Lidgate* laureat,
Zour ſuggest Toungs and Lipps aureat
Bene till our Eirs Cauſe of grit Delyte;
Zour Mouths angelick, maiſt mellifluat,
Our rude Language hes clein illumynat,
And hes owre-gilt our Speich, that imperfyte
Stude, or zour goldin Pens did ſchupe to wryt,
This Yle befoir was bair and diſolate
Of Rethoriek, or luſty fair indyte.

XXXI.

Thou litle Quair be evir obediene,
Humbyl ſubject, and ſemple of Intent,
Befoir the Face of every cunning Wicht,
I knaw quhat thou of Rethorick has ſpent,
Of hir maiſt lyſtie Roſes redolent
Is nane into thy Garland ſet on Hicht;
O Schame thairfor, and draw the out of Sicht;
Rude is thy Weid, bare, deſtitute and rent,
Weil aucht thou be afficirit of the Licht.

Lorges, lerges, lorges *ay*,
Lerges *of this new Zeirs Day.*

I.

FIRST *Lerges* of the King my Chief,
Quhilk came as quitely as ane Thief,
And in my Hand ſlaid Schillings twae,
To put his Lergnes to the Preif,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

II.

SYNE *Lerges* of my Lord Chancelar,
Quhen I to him ane Ballat bare,
He ſonziet not, nor ſaid me nay,
But gaif me quhyle I wald had mair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

III.

Of *Gallaway* the Biſchóp new,
Forth of my Hand ane ballat drew,
And me delivert bot Delay,
A fair Hacknay bot Hyd or Hew,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IV.

And syne of *Croce* the Abbot zing,
I did to him ane ballat bring;
But or I past a Piece him frae,
I gat nae less than Deil a thing,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

V.

The Secretar baith war and wyse,
Hecht me a Cast of his office;
And for to reid my Bill alsway,
He said for him that micht sustice,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VI.

The Treasurer and Comptrollair,
They bad me cum I wait not quhair,
And they wald gar, I wait not quhae,
Gife me, I wait not quhat, full fair,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

VII.

Now *Lorges* of my Lordis all
Baith temporall State and spirituall,
My self sall evir sing and say,
I haif them fund sae liberall
Of *Lerges* on this new Zeir Day.

VIII.

FOUL fa this frost that is sae snell,
It hes the Wyt, the Trewth to tell,
Baith Hands and Purss it binds up sae,
They may gife naithing bye themsell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

IX.

Now *Lerges* of my Lord *Bothwell*,
The quhilk in Freedome did excell;
He gaif to me a Quarter gray
Worth all this Sort, that I with Mell,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day.

X.

GRIT GOD releif *Margaret* our Quene,
For gif scho wer as scho hes bene,
Scho wald be lerger of Lufray
Than all the laif that I of mene,
For *Lerges* of this new Zeir Day,

*Quod* STEWART.

# DUMBARS DREGY;

*Made to K.* JAMES V. *being in* Stirvling.

WE that are heir in Heavens Glory,
To zou that are in Purgatory,
Commends us on your hearty Ways,
I mean we Folk in Paradyce,
In *Edinburg* with all Mirryneſs,
To zou in *Stirling* in Diſtreſs,
Quhair nowther Pleaſance nor Delyt is,
Thus pittying ane apoſtle wryts.
O ze Hermits and Hankerſaidlis,
That tak zour Penance at zour Tables,
And eit nae Meit reſtorative,
Nor drink the Wyne comfortative,
But Ale that is baith thin and ſmall,
With but few Courſes in zour Hall,

Again to *Edinbrughs* Joy and Blifs,
Quhair Worfchip, Wealth and Weilfare is
Play, Pleafance, and eik Honeſty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

*Reſponſio, tu autem Domine.*

Tak Conſolation in zour Pain;
In Tribulation, tak Conſolation,
Out of Vexation cum hame again,
Tak Conſolation in zour Pain;

*Jube Dom. benedicite.*

Out of Diſtreſs of *Stirvling* Toun
To *Edinbrugh* bleſs God mak ze boun.

## *LECTIO* II.

Patriarchs, Prophets and Apoſtles deir,
Virgins, Confeſſouris, Martyris cleir,
And all the Seat celeſtiall,
Devoutely we upon them call,
That ſune out of zour Pains fell,
Ze may in Heavin heir with us dwell,

To eat Cran, Pertrick, Swan and Pliver,
And Every Fiſch that ſwyms in River,
To drink with us the new freſch Wyne
That grew upon the River *Ryne*,
Freſch fragrant Clarits out of *France*,
Of *Angiers* and of *Orliance*,
With mony Comfeits of grit Dainty,
Say ze *Amen*, for Charity.

*Reſponſum, tu autem Dom.*

God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy
Baith ſune and weil, God and Sanct *Jeil*,
To Sonce and Seil, Solace and Joy,
God and Sanct *Jeil* heir zou convoy,
Out of *Stirvlings* Pains fell,
In *Edinburgh* Joy ſune mot ze dwell.

*LECTIO* III.

We pray to all the Saints in Heaven,
That ar abune the Starns ſeven,
Zou to bring out of zour Pennance,
That ze may ſune ſing, play and daunce

In *Edinburg* heir and mak gude Cheir,
Quher Wealth and Welfare is bot Weir;
And I that do zour Paine diſcryve
Intend to viſſy zou belyve,
In Deſart not with zou to dwell,
But as the Angel Saint *Gabriell*
Dois go betwein frae Heavens Glory,
To them that ar in Purgatory,
Sum Conſolation them to give,
Quhyle they in Tribulation live,
And ſchaw them, quhen thair Paine ar paſt,
They ſall cum up to Heaven at laſt;
How nane deſerves to haif Sweitneſs,
That nevir taſtit Bitterneſs;
And therfor hou ſuld ze conſidder
Of *Edinburgs* Bleſs, quhen zou cum hidder:
But gif ze taſtit had befoir
Of *Stirvling* Toun, the Paine ſoir,
And therfore tak in Patience
Zour Pennance and zour Abſtinence,
And ze ſall cum or *Zule* begin
Into the Bleſs that we ar in;

Quhilk grant we pray to all on Hy,
Say ze Amen, for Charity.
*Reſponſ. tu autem Dom.*
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,
Frae hydious Hell cum hame and dwell,
Quhair Fiſch to ſell are nane but Spirrling,
Cum hame and dwell nae mair in *Stirvling*,
*ET ne nos inducas in temptationem de* Stirvling.
*Sed libera nos à mallo illius.*
*Regiam* Edinburgi *dona iis, Domine,*
*Et lux ipſius luceat iis;*
*A porta triſticiæ de* Stirvling.
*Orna, Domine, animas eorum:*
*Credo guſtare ſtatim vinum* Edinburgi,
*In villa* Vinentium,
*Requieſcant* Edinburgi. *Amen.*
*DEUS, qui juſtos in corde humiles*
*Ex omnium eorum tribulatione liberare dignatus es,*
*Libera famulos tuos apud villam* Stirling *verſantes,*
*A pœnis & triſtitiis ejuſdem,*
*Et ad* Edinburgi *gaudia eos perducas,*
*Ut requieſcat* Strivling. *Amen.*

*The Flyting of* Dunbar *and* Kennedie *Hereafter follows, jocund and merrie.*

I.

SR. *John* the *Roſs*, ane Thing ther is compyld
In generall, by *Kennedie* and *Quinting*,
Quhilk has themſelfs abune the Sterns ſtyld;
But had they made of Menace ony myntung
In ſpecial, then ſic Stryfe ſuld ryſe bot ſtynting:
Howbeit with Boiſt thair Boſoms were as bendit
As *Lucifer*, quha frae the Heavens deſcendit;
Hell ſuld not byd thair Harnis frae Harms byntting,

II.

THE Eard ſuld tremble, Firmament ſuld ſchake,
And all the Air invenomt ſudden ſtink,
And all the Deils in Hell for Redour quake
To heir quhat I ſuld wryte with Pen and Ink;
For gif I flyt, ſum Sage for Schame ſuld ſink,
The Se ſuld burn, the Mune ſuld tholl Eclips,
Roches ſuld ryve, the Warld ſuld hald nae Grips,
Sae loud of Care the common Bell ſuld clink,

III.

But Wonder laith wer I to be a Baird,
Flyting to use, for gritly I eschame;
Sen it is nowther winning nor Rewaird,
But Tinsell baith of Honour and of Fame,
Increase of Sorrow, Sklander and ill name;
Zit micht they be sae bauld in thair Back-byting
To gar me ryme and raise the Feynd with Flyting,
And throw ilk Place, and Kinrick them proclaim.

*Quod* Dunbar to Kennedie.

## Kennedie *to* Dunbar.

I.

Dirten *Dunbar*, on quhome blaws thou thy Boist?
Pretendant thee to wryte sic scaldit Skrows,
Thou raw-moud Rebald, fall doun at the Roist,
My Laureat Liems at thee, and I lows,

Mandrag, Mymerkin, maid Maister but in Mows,
Thou thryce scheild Trumpir, with a threid-bare
Goun.
Say *Deo* Mercy, or I cry the doun,
And leave thy ryming, Rebald and thy Rows.

II.

Dreid, dirtfast Dearch, that thou has disobeyt
My Cousin *Quintine*, and my Commissar,
Fantastick Fule, trust weil thou sall be fleyt,
Ignorant Elf, Ape, Owl, irregular,
Skaldit Skaitbird and common Skandelar:
Wansuckit Funling, that Nature maid an Yrle,
Baith *John* the *Ross* and thou sall squell and skirle,
Gif eir I heir ocht of zour making mair

III.

Here I put Silence to thie in all Parts
Obey and ceise the Play that thou pretends;
Weak Waly-draig, and Werlot of the Carts,
Se sone thou mak my Commissar Amends,

And let him lay ſax Leiſchis on thy Lends,
Meikly in recompenceing of thy Scorn,
Or thou ſall ban the Tyme that thou was born,
For *Kennedie* to thee this Schedule ſends.
*Quod* KENNEDIE *unto* DUNBAR;
*Judge in the nixt quha gat the war.*

## Dunbar *to* Kennedie.

I.

ERSCH brybour Baird, vyle Beggar with thy Bratts,
Sunt-bittin *Kennedie*, Coward of Kynd,
Ill-fart and dryit, as *Denſman* on the Ratts,
Lyk as the Gledds had on thy gule Snowt dynd;
Monſter miſmaid, ilk Mune out of thy Mynd,
Rebald renounce thy ryming, thou but royis,
Thy trechour Tung has tane a heland Strynd;
A lawland Erſe wald make a better Noyis.

II.

RIVEN, raggit Ruke, and full of Rebaldrie,
Scart Scorpion, ſcaldit in Scurilitie,
I ſe the haltane in thy Harlotrie,
And into uther Science nothing ſlie,
Of every Vertew wyd, as Men may ſe;
Quyt claim with Clergy, cleik to thee a Club,
Blaſphemar Baird, in Bryberie ay to be;
Wiſdom and Wit a Wiſp frae thee may rub.

III.

DASTARD, thou ſpeirs, Gif I dare with thee fecht?
Ze *Dagone*, dowbart, thereof haif thou nae Dout!
Quair eir we meit therto, my Hand I hecht
To redd thy Rebald ryming with a Rout:
Throw *Britain* braid it ſall be blawn about,
Hou that thou, poyſond Pelour gat thy Paiks
With a Dog-Leiſch, I ſchepe to gar the ſchout,
And nowther to thee tak Knyfe, Swerd or Aix.

IV.

THOU Crop and Rute of Traytor treaſonable,
Fader and Muder of Morther and Miſchief,
Deceitfull Tyrand, Serpent tung'd, unſtable,
Cuckald, Cradoun, Court and common Theif;

Thou purpoſd anes to undo our Lord and Chief
In *Paiſlay*, with a Poyſon that was fell,
For quhilk Brybour zit ſall thou tholl a Breif;
Pelor, I ſall it prieve on thee my ſell.

V.

Tho I wald lie, thy frawart Phiſnomy
Dois manifeſt thy Malice to all Men;
Fy Traytour Thief, fy Glengore Loun, fy, fy,
Fy Feyndlyke Front, far fouler than a Fen,
My Freynds thou haſt reprovit with thy Pen,
Traytour thou leis, quhilk I ſall on thee preive;
Suppoſe thy Heid were armit Tymis ten,
Thou ſall recryit or I thy Crown ſall cleive.

VI.

Or thou durſt move thy Mynd malitious,
Thou ſaw the ſail abune my Heid updraw;
But *Eolus* full wid, and *Neptunus*.
Mirk and Muneleſs, was met with Wind and Waves
And mony a hundreth Myles hynd coud us blaw
By *Holand*, *Zetland* and the *Northway* Coaſt,
In Deſerts, vaſt, quhair we wer famiſt aw,
Zit cum I hame, fals Baird, to ſay thy Boaſt.

VII.

THOU callis thee Rethory with thy goldin Lipps:
Na, glowrand, gapeand Fule, thou art begyld,
Thou art but Glunſchoch with the giltit Hipps,
That for thy Loumrie mony a leiſch has ſyld;
Vain Widdifow, out of thy Wit gane wyld,
Laithly and lowſy, lathand as a Leik,
Sen thou of Worſchip wad ſae fain be ſtyld:
Hail Sovraign Schir, thy B—s hing throw thy Breik.

VIII.

FOAWORTHIN Fule, of all the Warld Refuſe,
Quhat Ferly is thocht thou rejoyce to flyt?
Sic Eloquence as they in *Earſy* uſe,
In ſic is ſet thy trawart appityte;
Thou has full litle Feil of fair Indyte,
I haif op me a Pair of *Lowthiane* Hipps,
Sall fairer *Inglis* mak, and mair perfyte,
Than thou can bleber with they *Carrick* Lipps.

IX.

BETTIR thou gains to leid a Dog to ſkomer,
Pynd Pyck-purſe pelour, than with thy Maiſter pingle;
Thou ſay richt prydles in the Peis this Sommer,
And fain at Evin for to bring hame a Single,

Syne rubbd it ane uther auld Wyfis Ingle:
In Winter now for Purtith thou art trakit,
Thou has nae Breiks to let thy Hawlocks gingle;
Gae beg a Club, for Bard thou fall gae nakit.

X.

Leam, longer lousy, baith in Lisk and Lunzie,
Fy, skowdert Skyn, thou art but Skyre and Skrumple
For he that rosted *Lawrance* had thy Gunzie,
And he that hid Saint *Johns* Een with a Wimple,
And he that dang Saint *Augustyne* with a Rumple,
Thy foul Front had he that *Bartilmo* flayd;
The Gallows gapes after thy graceles Gruntle,
As thou wald for a Haggies hungrey Gled.

XI.

Comerwald Crawdon, nane compts the a Kers,
Sweir swapit, swanky Swyne, Kepar ay for swats:
Thy Commissar *Quintyne* bids thee cum kis his Ers,
He lykes not sic a forlane Loun of Laits;
He says, thou skaffs and begs mair Bear and Aits,
No ony Criple in *Carrick* Land about:
Uther pure Beggars thole with thee Debates,
Carling decript on *Kennedie* cry out.

XII.

Matter enough I haif, I neid not fenzie,
Thocht thou foul Trumper has upon me leid,
Carrion corrupt, hich fall I cry thy Senzie;
Thinks thou not how thou came into grit Neid,
Greitand in *Gallowa*y, lyke *Gallow* Breid,
Rammand and rowpand, beggand Ky and Ox,
I faw thee there into thy Watchmans Weid,
Quhilk was not worth a Pair of auld gray Socks.

XIII.

Ersch Katherene with thy Polk, Breik and Rilling,
Thou and thy Quean as greidy Gleds ze gang
With Polks to Mill, and begs baith Meil and Schilling,
Thair is but Lyce and lang Nails zou amang,
Foul Heggerbald, for Hens this will ze hang,
Thou has a perilus Face to play with Lambs;
A Thoufand Kids were they in Falds full ftrang,
Thy Limmer Luke wald fley them and thair Dams.

XIV.

Intill a Glen thou has, out of Repair,
A laithly Ludge that was the Lipper Mens,
With thee a Soutars Wyfe of Blifs as bair,
Ze lyke twa Stalkers fteids in Cocks and Hens.

Thou pluks the Poultry, ſcho pulls aff the Pens,
All *Carrick* crys, God gin this Dowf wer drowned;
And quhen thou heirs a Guſe quaik in the Glens,
Sweiter thou thinkſt than Matins Bell of Sound.

XV.

Thou *Lazarus*, thou laithly lein Tramort,
To all the Warld thou may Example be,
To luke upon thy gryſlie pitious Port,
For hydious, how and hollkit is thine Ee,
Thy Cheik bane bair, and blaikent is thy Blie,
Thy Chop, thy Chol, gars mony Men live chaſte,
Thy Gane it gars us mynd that we maune die;
I conjure thee, thou hungert hyland Ghaiſt.

XVI.

The larbar Lukes of thy lang leineſt Craig,
Thy pure pynd Throple peik, and out of Ply,
Thy ſkoldirt Skin, hewd lyke a Saffron bag,
Gars Men diſpyt thair Fleſch, thou Spreit of Gy:
Fy! feyndly Front, Fy! Tyks Face, Fy! O Fy!
Ay Loungand, lyke a Lock man on a Ladder;
Thy ghaiſtly Luke fleys Folks that pas thee by,
Lyke a deid Theif thats glowrand in a Tedder.

XVII.

Nyse Nagus, Nipcalk, with thy Schulders narrow
Thou lousy lukes, and tume of Lumis Aw,
Hard Hurcheon, hirpland, hippit like an Harrow;
Thy Rig-bane ratles, and thy Ribs on raw,
Thy Hanches hurklis with Hukebanes harsh and haw
Thy laithly Lymms are lein as ony Treis:
Obey, Theif Bard, or I sall brek thy Gaw,
Foul Carrybald, cry Mercy on thy Knees.

XVIII.

Thou scowry hippit, ugly Avetil,
With hurkland Banes, ay howkand throu thy Hyde,
Reistit and cryud, as hangit Man on Hill,
And aft beswakit with an owre hie Tyde,
Quhilk brews richt maikle Barret to thy Bryd,
Hir Care is all to clenge thy Cabroch Hows,
Quhair thou lyes sawsly in Saffron back and Syde,
Powdert with Primrose, swarmand all with Clows.

XIX.

Worlin Wamworth, I warn thee it is written,
Thou skyland Skarth, thou has the Hurle behind,
Wan wraigland Wasp, mae Worms thou has beshitten
Than there is Gras on Ground or Beist on Lind;

Tho thou did firſt ſic Folly to me find;
Thou ſall again with Mae Witnes than I,
Thy Gulſcoch Gane does on thy Back it bind,
Thy whoſtand Hipps let neer thy Hoſe be dry.

XX.

Thou held the Burch lang with a borrowit Gown,
And an Caprowſy barkit all with Sweit;
And quhen the Lads ſaw thee ſae like a Loun,
They bickert thee with mony a Bae and Bleit,
Now upland thou lives rife on rubit Quhiet,
Aſt for ane Cauſe thy Burdclaith neids nae ſpredding,
For thou has nowther for to drink or eit,
But like a berdleſs Bard that had nae Bedding.

XXI.

Strait Gibbons Air, that neir owreſtrade a Horſe,
Blae barefut Bairn, in bare Tyme was thou born;
Thou brings the *Carrick* Clay to *Edinburgh* Croſs,
Upon thy Boetings hobbland hard as Horn,
Strae Wiſps hing out quhair that the Wats ar worn,
Cum thou again to ſkar us with thy Straes,
We ſall gar ſkale our Schulis all thee to ſkorn,
And ſtane thee up the Cawſy as thou gaes.

XXII.

THE Boys of *Edinburgh*, as the Beis outthraws,
And ay Crys out, *Heir cums our awin quier Clerk*:
Then fleis thou lyk a Houlat chaiſt with Craws,
Quhyle all the Bitches at thy Buitings bark.
Then Carlings cry, Keip churches in the merk,
Our Gallows gapes, lo quhair a graceleſs gaes:
Anither ſays, I ſe him want a Sark,
I red ye Kimmer tak in your Linning Clais.

XXIII.

THEN rins thou down the Gate, with Gild of Boys,
And all the Town Tykes hingand at thy Heils;
Of Lads and Louns ther ryſes ſic a Noyſe,
Quhle Wenches rin away with Cards and Quheils,
And Cadgers Avers caſt baith Coals and Creils;
For Reird of thee, nad rattling of thy Botes.
Fiſh Wyves cry fy, and caſt down ſkulls and ſkeils,
Sum claſhes thee, ſome clods thee on the Cutes.

XXIV.

LOUN lyke *Mahoun*, be boun me till obey;
Thief, now in Grief, Miſchief, fall betyde,
Cry Grace, Tyks Face, or I thee chaſe and fley,
Owl, rair and zoul, I fall defoul thy Pryde;

Paild Gled, bakh fed, and bred of Bitches Syde,
Sae lyke a Tyke, Purſpyke, quhat Man lets by thee,
Forflitten, Sunt-bitten, beſh —— barkit Hyde.
Climb Ledder, fyle Tedder, foul Edder, I defy thee.

XXV.

Mauch Mutton, byle Button, peroht Glutton, Air to Hillhouſe;
Rank Beggar, Oyſter-dregar, foul fleggar in the Fleit;
Chitter-lilling, Ruck-rilling, Lick-ſchilling in the Mill houſe:
Bawd Rehator, Thief of Nature, falſe Traytor, Feynds Get,
Filling of Tauch, Rak ſauch, Gry crauch thou art owreſet.
Mutton Dryver, Gimal Ryver, zad Skyvar foul fell thee;
Herityck, Lunatick, Purſpyk, Carlines Pet,
Rotten Grok, dirten Dok, cry Gok, or I ſall quell thee.

## Kennedies *Answer to* Dunbar.

I.

*DOTHANE* Deils ſon, and Dragon diſpytuous,
*Abirams* Birth and bred with *Belial*,
Wod Werwouf Worm and Scorpion wenemous
*Luciferis* Laid, and foul Feynds Face Infernal;
Thou *Sodomite* ſeparate frae Saints Celeſtial;
Put I not Silence to the Shiphird Knave,
Gin thou of new begins to ryme and rave,
Thou ſall be made baith blate and bleir Eied Beſtial

II.

How thy Forbeirs are come, I have a Feil,
Of *Cockburne-Path* the Writ makes me awar,
Generit betwixt a ſchir Beir and a Deil;
Sae he was called *Deilber* and not *Dunbar*:
This *Deilber* generit of a Meir of *Mar*.
*Corſpatrick* Earl of *Merch*, and be Illuſion,
The firſt that eir put *Scotland* in Confuſion,
Was that falſe Traytor firmly ſay I dare.

III.

QUHEN *BRUCE* and *Baſiol* differs for the Croun,
*Scots* Lords could not obey the *Inglis* Laws;
This *Corſpatrick* betrayed *Berwick* Town,
And ſlew Seven thouſans *Scots* within thae Waws
The Battle ſyne of *Spottſmuir* he gart cauſe,
And came with *Edward Lanſhanks* to the Field,
Where Twelve thouſand true *Scottiſh* Men were killd.
And *Wallace* chaiſt, as the Chronicle ſhaws.

IV.

*SCOTS* Lords and Chiftains he gart hald and Cheſſon
In Firmance, faſt till all the Feild was done,
Within *Dunbar* that auld Spelunk of Treaſon;
Sae *Inglis* Tykes in *Scotland* was abune;
Then ſpulziet they Haly Stane of *Scone*;
The Croſs of *Halyroodhouſe*, and ſic Jewells;
He birns in Hell, Body, Banes and Bowells,
This *Corſpatrick* that *Scotland* has undone.

V.

*WALLACE* gart cry an Conſale into *Perth*,
And calld *Corſpatrick* Traytor be his Style,
But that damnd *Dragon* drew him in Diſerth,
And ſaid he kend but *Wallace* King in *Kyle*,

Out of *Dunbar* that Thief he made exyle,
Unto *Edward* and *Inglis* Ground again;
Serpents and Taids and Tigers ſall remain,
In *Dunbar* Waws, Tods, Wouſs and Beiſts vyle.

VI.

Nae Fowles of Effect, now amange thae Binks,
Biggs nor abydes, for nothing that may be,
Thy Stanes of Treaſon as the Brunſtane ſtinks,
Of *Delbers* Mother caſten in the Se.
The Variet Aple of the forbidden Tree,
That *Adam* eit quhen he tint Paradyce,
Scho eit envenom'd like a Cockatryce,
Syne marryt with the Deil for Dignitie.

VII.

Zit of new Treaſon I can tell the Tales,
That cums on Nicht by Viſion in my Sleip.
*Archbauld Dunbar* betrayd the Houſe of *Hales*,
Becauſe the zung Lord had *Dunbar* to keip,
Throu that pretendand to their Rowms to creip;
Richt crewely his Caſtle purſcuet,
Broucht him forth boundin, and the place reſkewt,
Set him in Fetters in a Dungeon deip.

VIII.

It were againſt baith Nature and gude reaſon,
That *Deilbers* Bairn were true to God or Man
Quhilk were baith gotten, born and bred in Treaſon
*Belzebubbs* Oys and curſt *Corſpatricks* Clan.
Thou was preſcryvt and ordaind be Sathan,
Now to be born to do thy Kin Defame,
And gar me ſhaw thy Anteceſſors Schame,
Thy kin that lives may wary thee and ban

IX.

Sen thou on me thus Lymmer leis and trattlis,
And ſends ſic Sentence foundit of Envy;
Thy Elders Banes ryſe ilka Nicht and rattle;
And on thy Corſs, Vengance, Vengance, they cry,
Thou art the Cauſe they may not reſt or ly;
Thou ſays for them few *Paters*, Salms or creids,
But gars me tell their Reatells and Miſdeids,
And thair auld Sin with new Schame certefy.

X.

Insenswat Sow, ceis fals *Euſtaces* Air,
And know, kein ſcald I hald of *Alathia*,
And gar me not the cauſe lang to declair,
Of thy curſt Kin *Deilber* and his *Alia*;

Cum to the Corſs on Kneis and mak a *Cria*,
Confeſs thy Cryme, bald *Kennedie* thy King,
And with a Hawthorn ſcourge they ſell and ding
Thus drie thy Pennance *dele quiſti quia*.

XI.

Pass to my *Commiſſar* and be confeſt,
Before him cour on Kneis and cum in will;
And ſyne gar *Stobo* for thy Lyfe proteſt:
Renunce thy Rymes, baith ban and burn thy Bill,
Heive to the Heaven thy Hands and hald thee ſtill
Do thou not this Brigane thou ſall be brint
With Pik, Tar, Fyre, Gun-powder and Lint,
On *Arthur*-Sate, or ony hicher Hill.

XII.

I haif ambulate on *Parnaſo* the Mountain,
Inſpyrt with *Hermes* frae his golden Sphere,
And dulcely drunk of Eloquence the Fountain,
Quhen purifeet with Froſt, and flowand cleir,
And thou haſt cum in *Merch* or *Februeir*;
There till ane Pule and drunk the Padock Rude,
That gars the Ryme in Terms of Sence denude,
And blaber Things that wyſe Men hate to heir.

XIII.

THOU luves nae *Eriſh*, Elf, I underſtand,
But it ſuld be all true *Scotiſmens* Beid;
It was the firſt gude Language of this Land,
And SCOTA gart it multiplie and ſpreid,
Till *Corſpatrick* that we of Treaſon reid,
Thy Fore-fader, made *Erſche* and *Erſchmen* thin,
Throu his Treaſon brocht *Inglis* Faſſouns in,
Sae wald thyſell, micht thou to him ſucceed.

XIV.

FULE Ignorant, in all thy Mowis and Makks,
It may be verryfeit thy Wit is thin,
Quhen thou wryts *Denſmen* dryd upon the Ratts,
*Denſmen* of *Denmark* are of the Kings Kin,
The Wit thou ſuld have had was caſten in,
Even at thy Erſe backward with an Staw-ſlung;
Therefore, fals harlot Hure-ſon, hald thy Tung;
*Delbier* thou deives the Deil thy Eme with Din.

XV.

QUHAIRAS thou ſays, that I ſteil Hens and Lamms
I let thee Wit I haif Land Store and Staks,
Thou wald be fain to gnaw Law with thy Gamms
Under my Burde fruſh Banes behind dogs Back

Thy Purſe its tume, I haif baith Steids and Caiks,
Thou tint the Sok, I Coulter haif and Pleuch;
Thy Geir and Subſtance is a Widdy teuch,
On *Saltone* Mount, about thy Craig to rax,

XVI.

And zit mount *Saltone* Gallows is owre fair,
For to be fleyt with ſic a frontleſs Face;
Come hame and hing under an Trie of *Air*,
To eard thee under it, I ſall purchaſe Grace,
To eit thy Fleſh the Dog ſhall haif nae Space.
Ravens ſall ryve naething but thy Tung Rutes;
For thou ſic Malice of thy Maſter mutes,
It is weil ſet that thou ſic barret brace.

XVII.

A ſmall Fynance amang thy Freinds thou beggit,
To ſtanche thy ſkorne with haly Mulds thou loſt
Thou faild to get a Dowkar for to dreggit;
It lyes cloſd in a Clout on *Northway* Coaſt,
Sic Revel gars thee be ſervit with cauld Roaſt,
And aft ſit ſupperleſs beyond the Se,
Cryand at Doris, *Charitas amore D E I*,
Breikles, Bareſute and all in Duds up deſt.

XVIII.

*DE-MBER* has nocht ado, with a *Dunbar*;
The Earls of *Murray* bere that surname richt,
That to their King ay true and constant war;
Of that Kin came *Dunbar* of *Westfield* Knicht
That Succession is hardy, wyse, and wicht;
And has naithing ado now with the Deil,
But *Deilber* is thy kin, and kens thee Weil,
And has in hell for thee a Chamer dicht.

XIX.

CURST crupand Craw, I sall gar crop thy Tung,
And thou sall cry *Cormundum* on thy Knees,
Derch I sall ding thee till I gar thee dung,
And thou sall lick thy Lipps and sweir thou lie
I sall degrad the gracelels of thy Greis,
Scald thee for Skorn, and scor thee af thy Sul
Gar round thy Heid transform thee as a Pule
And with Treason gar trone thee on the Treis.

XX.

RAWMOUD Rebald, and Renegeid Rebator,
My Lynage and Forbeirs war evir leil,
It cums aft to thy sell to be a Traytor,
To ryde be Nicht, to rin, to reive and steil,

Quhen thou puts Poyson to me I appeil
Thee in that Place, and prive it on thy Person.
Claim not to Clergy, I defy thee, *Garsoun*,
Thou sall buy it deir enouch, Dereh of the Deil.

XXI.

IN *Ingland*, Owl, sould be thy Habitation;
Homage to *Edward Langshanks* made thy Kin,
Into *Dunbar* reshivt him thy sals Nation:
They sould be exylt *Scotland* mair and myn,
Ane stark Gallows, a Widdy and a Pin:
The Heid Poynt of thy elders Arms are
Written abune in Poysie, Hang *Dunbar*,
Quarter and draw, make that Surname thin.

XXII.

I am the Kings Blude, his trew and special Clerk,
That nevir zit imagined his Offence,
Constant in Mynd, in Thocht, in Word, and Wark
Dependand only on his Excellence,
Trestand to have of his Magnificence,
Gwairdoun, Reward, and Benyfice bedein,
Quhair that the Ravins sall ryve out baith thy Ein
And on the Rattis sall be thy Residence.

XXIII.

Frar *Atrick* Foreſt forward to *Demfreiſe*,
Thou beggit with a Pardon in all Kirks,
Collaps, Cruds, Butter, Meil, Grots, Gryce, and Gei
And undernicht quhyles thou ſtall Staigs and Stirk
Becauſe now *Scotland* of thy begging irks,
Thou ſhaips in *France* to be Knicht of the Feild
Thou has thy Clam Shells and thy Burdoun keild
Ilk Ways unhoneſt, Wolrun, that thou works.

XXIV.

Thou may not paſs Mount *Bernard*, for wild Beiſts
Nor win throw Mount *Scarpary* for the Snaw,
Mount *Nicholas*, Mount *Godard* thee arreiſts,
Sic Beis of Briggand blinds them with a Blaw.
In *Paris* with thy Maſter *Burreau*,
Abyde and be his Prentiſe neir the Bank,
And help to hang *Fripons* for half a *Frank*,
And at the laſt thy ſelf maun thole the Law.

XXV.

Thou haltand Harlot neir a gude thou hais,
For Falt of Puſſance Peilor, thou may pak thee;
Thou drank thy Sark, and als wedſet thy Clais;
There is nae Lord in ſervice that wid tak thee.

A Pack of Flae-Skins Fyuance for to mak thee,
Thou ſall receive at *Danſkyn* of my Talzie,
With *de profundis* ſet thee and that falzie,
And I ſall ſend the blak Deil for to bak thee.

XXVI.

INTO the *Katherine* thou made a foul Kahute;
For thou bedrait hir doun frae Stern to ſteir,
Upon her Sydes was ſein that thou could ſchute.
The Dirt cleaves till hir tows this Twenty Zeir,
The Firmament nor Firth was never cleir,
Quhile thou, Deils Birth *Deilber*, was on the Sie.
Ilk Saul had ſunkin throu the Sin of thee,
War not the People made ſae mickle Prayer.

XXVII.

QUHEN that the Schip was ſaynt and under Sail,
Foul Brow in Hoil thou purpoſt for to paſs,
Thou ſchot and was not ſicker of thy Tail,
Beſhait the Steir, the Compas and the Glaſs,
The Skipper bad garland thee at the Baſs,
Thou ſpewd and cuſte mony a laithly Lump,
Faſter nor all the Mariners coud pump,
And zit thy Wame is war nor eir it was.

XXVIII.

HAD they been fae provided of Schot of Gun
By Men of Weir, bot perell they had paſt;
As thou was lowſe and ready with thy Bun,
They neid haif tane nae towing at the laſt,
For thou could cuke a Cartful at a Caſt;
Ther is nae Ship that thee will now reſaif,
Faſter thou fylt than Fyfteenſum might laife,
And myrd them with thy Muck to the mid Maſt.

XXIX.

THROW *Ingland* thrive, and tak thee to thy Fute,
And bound to haif with thee a fals Botwand,
Ane Horſmanſhell thou call thee at the Mute,
And with that Craft convoy thee throw the Land;
Be naithing aireh, but fairly tak in Hand;
Happen thou to be hangit in *Northumber*,
Then all thy Kin are weil quit of thy Cumber,
For that maun be thy Dume I underſtand.

XXX.

HIE ſoverain Lord, let neir this ſinful Sot
Do Schame frae hame unto zour Nation;
Let neir again ſic an be call'd a *Scot*
A rotten Crok Lowſe of the Dok ther doun.

Frae honeſt Folk devyde the laithly Loun,
On ſum wyld Deſert quhair ther is no Repair,
For fyling and infecting of the Air,
Carry this cankerit corrupt Cation.

XXXI.

Thou was conſavit in the grit Eclipps,
Ane Monſter maid be grit *Mercurius*,
Nae Hald-again or Ho is on thy Hipps,
Infortune, curſt, falſe and furious,
Ill-ſchriven, wan thriven, nor cleinner curious,
A Myting for flyting, the Flurdame maiſt lyke,
A crabbit, ſcabbit, ill-facit Meſſen tyke,
A Schit, bot Wit, ſchrewt and injurious.

XXXII.

Greit in the Glaiks, gude Maiſter Gwiliane Gowkks,
Maiſt imperfyte in Poetrie and Proſe,
All cloſs under the Cloud of Nicht thou cowkks;
Rymes thou of me, of Rethory the Roſe!
Lunatick Lymmar, Luſchabald, lows thy Hoſe,
That I may touch thy Tupg with Tribulation,
In recompenſing of thy Conſpiration,
Or turſs thee out of *Scotland*, tak thy Choice.

XXXIII.

A Beneſice quha wald give ſic a Beiſt,
But gif it were to jingle *Judas* Bells,
Tak thee a Fiddle or a Flute to jeſt,
Undocht thou art, ordaind for naithing ells,
Thy clouted Cloak, thy Scrip and Clam ſchells,
Cleik on thy Croſs, and fair on into *France*,
And cum thou neir again without miſchance;
The Feynd fair with the forward ower the Fells.

XXXIV.

Cankert Cayne, tryd Trowane, *tute-villous*,
Marmadin, Mynmerkin, Monſter of all Men,
I ſall gar bake thee to the Laird of *Hilſhouſe*,
To ſwelly thee inſtead of a pullt Hen;
Fazart Fowmart, foſtert in Filth and Fen,
Foul frontit Feynd, Fule upon thy Phyſnomy
Thy Dok ay dreips of Dirt, and will not dry;
To tume thy Tun wald tyre Carlings ten.

XXXV.

Curst Conſpirator, Cockatrice, Hells Ka,
Turk, Trumper, Traytor, Tyranne, intemprate,
Thou yrefull Attercap, Pylat, *Apoſtata*,
*Judas*, *Jews*, Janglor, lollard Lawreat,

*Sarazen*, *Symonite*, proud Pagan, pronunceat,
*Mahomeit*, manſworn, Atheiſt abominable,
Deil dampint Dog, in Vyce inſatiable;
With *Gog* and *Magog* greit glorificat.

XXXVI.

*NERO* thy Nevoy, *Goliah*, thy Grandſyre,
*Pharo* thy Fader, *Egyppa* thy Dame,
Deilbeir thir ar, the Cauſe that I conſpyre
Gainſt thee, and ilka, ſutie Deil thy Eme;
*Belzebub* thy full brudder he will claim
To be thy Air, and *Cayphas* thy Sector,
*Pluto* Heid of thy Kin and thy Protector,
To leid the doun to Hell frae Licht and Leme.

XXXVII.

Deilber, thy Speir of Weir, bot Feir thou zeild,
Hangit, Mangit, Edder-ſtangit, Strnydie *Stultorum*,
To me, maiſt hie, *Kennedie*, and flie the Field;
Picket, wicket, ſtricket, convickit, Lump, *lullardum*,
Defamit, ſchamit blamit, *primus Paganorum*;
Out out, I ſchout upon that Snout, that ſnevils,
Tale teller, Rebeller, Indweller with the Divels;
Spink, ſink, with Stink *ad Tartara tenmagorum*.

*The Merry Teſtament of Maſter* Andro Kennedie. *Maid by Maſter* William Dunbar, *when he was like to dy.*

I

I Maſter *Andro Kennedy*,
*A curio quando ſum vocatus*,
Begotten with ſum Incuby,
Or with ſum Freir *infatuatus*;
I cannot, Faith, tell redely,
*Unde aut ubi ſui natus*,
But this in Truth I trow trewly,
*Quod ſum Diabolus incarnatus*.

II.

*CUM nihil ſit certius morte*,
We maun all die quhen we haif done,
*Neſcimus quando, vel qua ſorte*,
Nor blind allane wait of the Mone;
*Ego patior in pectore*,
Throw Nicht I could not ſleip a Wink,
*Licet æger in corpore*,
Zit wald my Mouth be wat with Drink.

III.

*UNC condo Testamentum meum,*
I leave my Saul for evirmair,
*Per omnipotentem Deum,*
Into my Lordis gude Wyne Cellar,
*Semper ibi ad remanendum*
Till Dumesday cum without Dissever,
*Bonum vinum ad bibendum,*
With sweit *Cuthbert* that luved me nevir.

IV.

*IPSE est dulcis ad amandum,*
He wald aft ban me in his Braith,
*Det mihi modò ad potandum,*
And I forgave him laith and wraith,
*Quia* in Cellar *cum cervisia,*
I had leur ly baith air and late,
*Nudus solus in camisia,*
Than in my Lords braw Bed of State.

V.

A Barrel being at my Bosom,
Of wardly Gude I had nae mair.
*Et corpus meum ebriosum,*
I leif unto the Toun of *Air,*

In a Draff Midding eir and ay,
*Ut ibi ſepelire queam;*
Qahair Drink and Draff may ilka Day
Be cuſten *ſuper faciam meam.*

VI.

I leif my Heart that neir was ſicker,
*Sed ſemper variabile,*
That evermair wad flow and flicker
*Conſorti meo* Jacobi
Thoch I wald bind it with a Wicker,
*Verum Deum renui,*
But and I hecht to tume a Bicker,
*Hoc pactum ſemper tenui.*

VII.

Syne leif I the Beſt Aucht I bocht,
*Quod eſt Latinum propter cape*
To my Kin-heid, but waite I nocht,
*Quis eſt ille,* than ſchrew my Skape:
I tald my Lord my Heid but hiddle,
*Sed mille alii hoc ſciverunt,*
We wer as ſib as Sive and Riddle,
*In una ſilva quæ creverunt.*

VIII.

*QUIA mea ſolita,*
They wer but Leiſing all and ane,
*Cum omni fraude & falacia,*
I leive the Maiſter of Sanct *Anthane,*
To *William Gray* ein *ſine gratia,*
My ain deir Cuſine, as I wene,
*Qui nunquam fabricat mendacia,*
But quhen the Holand-tree grows grene.

IX.

My fenzeing and my falſe Winning,
*Relinquo falſis fratribus,*
For thats conform to GODS ain Bidding,
*Diſparſis dedit pauperibus;*
For Mens Sauls they ſay and ſing,
*Mentientes pro muneribus,*
Now GOD give them an evil Ending,
*Pro ſuis pravis operibus.*

X.

To *Jok* the Fule, my Folly frie
*Lego poſt corpus ſepultum,*
In Faith I am mair Fule than he,
*Licet oſtendo bonum multum,*

Of Corn and Cattle, Gold and Fie,
*Ipſe habet valde multum,*
And zit he bleiris my Lordis Ee,
*Fingendo eum ſore ſtultum.*

XI.

To Maſter *Johney Clerk* ſyne,
*Do & lego intime,*
Gods braid Maleſon and myne,
*Nam ipſe eſt cauſa mortis meæ,*
Wer I a Dog and he a Swyne,
*Multi Mirantur ſuper me,*
But I ſuld gar that Lurdane quheyne,
*Scribendo dentes ſine D.*

XII.

*RESIDUUM omnium bonorum*
Reſts to diſpone my Lord ſall haif,
*Cum tutela puerorum,*
Baith *Edie, Ketie,* and all the laife;
In Faith I will nae langer raiſe,
*Pro ſepultura ordino,*
On the new Gyſe, ſae God me ſaif,
*Non ſicut more ſolito.*

XIII.

*IN die meæ ſepulturæ.*

I will have nane but our ain Gang,
*Et duos ruſticus de rure,*
Berand ane Barrel on a Stang,
Drinkand and playand Cap-out evin,
*Sicut vgonet ſolebam,*
Singand and greitand with the Stevin,
*Potum meum cum fletu miſcebam.*

XIV.

I will nae Preiſts for me ſhall ſing,
*Dies illa dies iræ,*
Nor zit nae bells for me to ring,
*Sicut ſemper ſolet fieri,*
But a Bag-pyp to play a Spring
*Et unum* Ale-wiſp *ante me,*
Inſtead of Torches for to bring,
*Quatour lagunas cerviſiæ,*
Within the Grave to ſet ſic Thing
*In modum crucis juxta me,*
To fley the Feynds, than hardly ſing
*De terra plaſmaſti me.*

## *Diſcration in Aſking.*

I.

OF every Aſking follows nocht
Reward, but gif ſum Cauſe were wrocht
And quhair Cauſe is Men weil may ſe,
And quhair nane is, it will be thocht.
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

Ane Fule, thocht he haif Cauſe or nane,
Crayis ay, Gif me unto a Drene;
And he that dronis ay lyke an Bie,
Suld haif ane Heirar dull as Stane;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

Sum aſkis mair than he deſerys,
Sum aſkis far leſs than he ſerys,
Sum ſchames to aſk, and braids of me,
And all without Reward he ſterves;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

To aſk bot Service hurts gude Fame,
To aſk for Service nane ſuld blame,
To ſerve and leif in Beggartie,
To man and Maiſter baith is Schame;
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

He that dois all his beſt Servyis,
May ſpill it all with Crakks and Cryis,
And be foul Importunitie;
For feweſt Words may ſerve the wyis;
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VI.

NOCHT neidfull is Men ſuld be dum,
Nathing is gotin without Words ſum,
Nocht ſpeids bot Diligence we ſe,
For nathing it alane will cum;
In aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

ASKING wald haif convenient Place,
Convenient Tyme, Laiſor and Space,
Bot Haiſt or Preis of grit Menzie,
Bot Heart abaiſt, bot Tung reckles;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII.

Sum micht haif (ze) with little Cure,
That hes aft (nay) with grit Labour
All for, that Tyme not byde can he,
And Tyns baith Eirand and Honour;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

Suppose the Servand be lang unpait,
The Lord ſumtyme reward will it.
Gif he dois not quhat Remeide;
To ſecht with fortune is nae Wit;
In Aſking ſuld Diſcration be.

## *Diſcration in Giving.*

I.

To ſpeik of Giftis or almous Deids,
Sum gives for Merit, ſum for Meids,
Sum wardlie Honour tō up hie;
Gifes aft to them that nathing neids;
In giving ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

Sum gives for Pryd and Glory vain,
Sum gives with Grudging and with Pain,
Sum gives in Prattick for Supplie,
Sum gives for twyis as gude again;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

III.

Sum gives for Thank, ſum Cheritie,
Sum Money gives, and ſum gives Meit,
And ſum give Words baith fair and ſlie;
But Gifts frae ſum can nae Man treit;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IV.

Sum gives ſo littil full wretchedly,
That all his Gifts are not ſet by,
And for a hude-pyk haldin his lie,
That all the warld cryis on him, Fy!
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

V.

Sum in his Giving is ſae huge,
That all owre-laiden is his Borge,
Throw Vyce and Prodigalitie;
Thair of his Honour dois Diſchargre;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VI.

Sum to the rich Man gives his Geir,
That micht his Gifts richt weil forbeir,
Zit thocht the Pure for falt ſuld die,
His Cry nocht enteris in his Eir;
In giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

Sum gives to Strangeris with Face new,
That zifterday frae *Flanderis* flew,
And auld Servands liſts not ſe,
Wer they neir of ſic grit Vertew;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

VIII.

Sum gives to them can aſk and plenzie,
Suth gives to them can fleich and fenzie,
Sum gives to Men of Honeſtie,
And halds all Jangelars at diſdenzie;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

Thair ſum gets Gifts and rich arrayis,
To ſweir all that his Maiſter ſayis,
Thocht all the contrair weill kens he;
Ar mony ſic now in our Dayis;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

X.

Sum gives gude Men for thair gude Kewis,
Sum gives to Trumpers and to Schrews;
Sum gives to ſchaw his Auctoritie;
But in thair Office gude foundin few is;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

XI

Sum gives Parochines full wyde,
Kirks of Saint *Bernard* and Saint *Bryde*,
To teich, to rule, and to owreſie,
To ſum richt ſkant of Grace to gyde;
In Giving ſuld Diſcration be.

## *Follows Diſcration in Taking.*

I.

NOW after Giving I ſpeik of Taking,
But littill of ony Gude forſaiking;
Sum taks owre ſcrimp Autoritie,
And ſum owre-mekle, and that is ghaiking;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

II.

THE Clerks tak Beneffices with Brawls,
Sum of Saint *Peter*, ſum of Saint *Pauls*,
Take he the Rents, nae Cair hes he,
Abeit the Deil tak all thair Sauls;
In Taking ſuld Diſcretion be.

III.

BARONS tak frae thair Tennants pure
All Fruit that grows upon the Feure,
In mails and Gerſomes raiſt owre hie,
And gars them beg frae Dore to Dure;
In Taking ſuld Diſcretion be

IV.

AND ſum tak uther Mens Takks,
And on the Pure oppreſſion makes,
And nevir minds that he maun die,
Quhyle that the Gallows gar him rax;
In Taking ſuld Diſcretion be.

V.

SUM take be Sie and ſum be Land,
And nevir frae Taking haild thair Hand,
Till they be tyit up to a Tree;
And ſyn they gar them underſtand
In Taking ſuld Diſcretion be.

VI

Sum wald tak all his Nichbours Geir,
Had he of Man as little Feir,
As he hes Dreid that GOD him ſe,
To tak then ſuld he nevir forbeir;
In taking ſuld Diſcration be.

VII.

Sum wald tak all this Warlds Breid,
And zet nocht ſatisfiet thair Neid,
Throw Heart unſatiable and greidie,
Sum wald tak littil, and cannot ſpeid;
In taking ſuld Diſcration be

VIII.

Grit Men for Taking and Oppreſſion,
Ar ſett full famous at the Seſſion,
Quhile pure Takkars are hangit hie,
Schamit for evir and thair Succeſſion;
In taking ſuld Diſcration be.

IX.

Sum taks the Makkaris ruiſing hynd,
But a rewaird dois nevir mynd,
Few Pairts with Pelf for Poetry,
That gars my pantch be aft ill lynd;
In Taking ſuld Diſcration be.

*The foregoing three quod* Mr. Wm. DUNBAR

## *On Detraction and Deming.*

I.

MUSING alane this hinder Nicht,
Of mirry Day, quhen gane was Licht,
Within a Garth undir a Trie,
I hard ane Voce that ſaid on Hicht,
May nae Man now undemit be:

II.

FOR thocht I be an crownit King,
Zit ſall I not eſchew Deming;
Sum calls me gude, ſome ſays I lie,
Sum craifs of God to end my Ring,
Sae ſall I not undemit be.

III.

BE I a Lord, and not Lord lyke,
Than every Pelour and Purſe-pyke,
Says Land wer better waird on me,
Thocht he dow nocht to leid a Tyke,
Zit can he not let Deming be.

IV.

Be I a Lady freſch and fair,
With Gentlemen makand repair,
Then will they ſay baith ſcho and he,
That I am japit late and air,
Thus ſall I not undemit be.

V.

Be I an Courtman or a Knycht,
Honeſtly cled that ſets me richt,
Ane prydefull Man ſyn call they me:
But God ſend them a Widdy wicht,
That cannot let ſic Deming be.

VI.

Be I but little of Stature,
They call me Cative, Droich Creature,
And be I large of Quantity,
They call me monſterous of Nature;
Thus can they not let Deming be.

VII.

And be I ornat in my Speich;
Then *Towſy* ſayis I am ſae ſtreich,
I ſpeik not lyke thair Houſe Menzie,
Suppoſe her Mouth miſtres a Leich,
Yit can ſcho not let Deming be.

VIII.

But wiſt thir Folk that uther deime,
How that their Sawa to uthers ſeime,
Thair vicious Words and Vainity,
Thair rattling Tungs that all ſurth toime,
Tharis ſum wald let thair Deming be.

IX.

Gude James the Ferd our nobill King,
Quhen that he was of Zéirs zing,
In Sentence laid full ſubtilie,
*Do weil and ſet nocht by Deming.*
*For nae Man ſall undemit be.*

X.

And ſae I ſall with God his Grace,
Keip his command into that Caſe.
Beſickand ay the Trinity,
In Hevin that I may haif a Place,
For thair ſall no Man demit be.

*Quod Mr. W. Dunbar.*

## *Sons exylt by Pryde*

I.

SONS hes bene ay exylit far out of Sicht,
Sen ilka Knaif was cled in silken Goun,
Welfare and Welth ar gane without gude Nicht,
And in their Rowms remains dull Derth and Neid
Pryd is amang us enterit, bot God speid,
And leird our Lords to gang now less and mair,
With silken Gouns, and Cellars tume and bair.

II.

Now a small *Barons* rich Abulezement,
In silkin Furrings, Chenzies and sic Geir,
Micht furniss Fourty into *Jack* and Splent,
Weil bodin at his Back with Bow and Speir
It were full meit gif it happens be Weir,
That all this Pryd of silk wer quyt laid down,
And changit in *Jack Knapska* and *Abergown*.

III

WALD all the Lords lay up thair rich Arrays,
And gar unfulziet keip them clene and fair,
And weir them but on hie triumphand Days.
And quhen Strangers do in this Realme repair,
They neid not buy Silk Rayments mair,
This Twenty Zeir for them, and thair Succeffioo,
Gif ſinfull Pryde nocht blindit thair Diſcretion.

IV.

THAIR Men alſo maun be bot Smyt or Smot,
Frae his Caprouſy be with Ribboos laiſt,
With Velvet Bord about his threid bare Coit:
On Woman Wayis well tyit about his Waiſt,
His Hat on Syde ſet up for ony Haiſt,
For Hichtines the Culroun dois miſken,
His awin Maiſter as weil as uther Men.

V.

QUHA ſinns in Pryd, does firſt to God Grivance,
Quha out of Hevin to Hell gaif it a fall;
Syne of himſelf weſtis faſt his ſubſtance,
Sae lerge, that it owrepaſſes his rentall,
His Tennants pure he dois oppreſs with all;
His coiſtly Gown, with tail ſae wyde outſpred,
His nakit Farmours gars hungry gae to Bed.

*Quod* CLERK

# *SATYRE on Covetouſneſs.*

I.

FREIDOM, Honour and Nobillneſs,
Meid Manheid, Mirth and Gentilneſs,
Ar now in Court repute as Vyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

II.

ALL Weilfare, Welth and Wantonneſs,
Ar changit into Wretchetneſs.
And Play is ſet at little Pryce,
And all for cauſe of Covetyce.

III.

HALKING, Hunting and ſwift Horſe rinning,
Ar changit all in wranous winning,
Thair is nae Play but Cards and Dyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

IV.

HEARTY Houſe-halding is all laid down,
A Laird has with him but a Loun,
That leids him after his Devyce,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

V.

IN Burghs to Landwart and to Sie,
Quhair Pleſour was and grit Plentie,
Veniſon Wyld foul Wyn and Spyce,
Ar now decayd throw Covetyce.

VI.

HUSBANDS that Grangis had full greit,
Cattle and Corn to ſell and eit,
Hes now nae Beiſts but Cats and Myce,
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VII.

HONEST Zemen in every Toun,
Quha wont to weir baith Red and Broun,
Ar now arrayt in Raggs with Lyce.
And all throw Cauſe of Covetyce.

VIII.

And Lairds in Silks harle to the Deil,
For quhilk thair Tennants ſald Summer Meil,
And lives on Ruits under the Ryſs,
And all for Cauſe of Covetyce.

IX.

Quha that dois Deids of Pietie,
And lives in Peace and Cheritie,
Is haldin a Fule and that full Nyce,
And all, *&c.*

X.

And quha can reive uther Mens Rowme,
And upon pure Men gadder Sowme,
Is thocht an active Man and Wyſe,
And all, *&c.*

XI.

Man, pleis thy Maker, and be merry,
And value nocht this Warld a Cherry;
Work for a place in Paradyce,
For thairin rings nae Covetyce.

## *The* CHERRIE *and the* SLAE.

*Compylt into* Scottis *Meeter by Captain* Alexander Montgomery.

I.

ABout an Bank with Balmy Bewis,
Quhair Nychtingales thair notis renewis
With gallant Goldſpinks gay;
The Mavis, Merle and Progne proud,
The Lintquhyt Lark and Laverock loud,
Salutit mirthfnl *May*.
Quhen *Philomel* had ſweitly ſung
To progne ſcho deplord,
How *Tereus* cut out hir Tung,
And falſly her deflourd;
Quilk Story ſo ſorie
To ſchaw hir ſelf ſcho ſemit,
To heir hir ſo neir hir,
I doubtit if I dreimit.

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This Edition is taken from two curious old ones, the firſt printed by *Robert Walgrave*, the King's Printer, in 1597, according to a Copy corrected by the Author himſelf, the other by *Andro Hart*, printed 1615, ſaid on the Title Page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 Quatorzeims, not long before the Author's Death.

II.

The Cuſhat crouds, the Corbie Crys,
The Cuckow couks, the prattling Pyes,
To geck hir they begin;
The Jargoun or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, and keckling Kays,
They deavt me with thair Din.
The painted pawn with *Argos* Eyis,
Can on his Mayock call;
The Turtle wails on witherit Tries,
And Eccho anſwers all,
Repeting with Greiting,
How fair *Narciſſus* fell
By lying and ſpying
His Schadow in the Well.

III.

I ſaw the Hurcheon and the Hare
In hidlings hirpling heir and thair
To mak thair Morning mange,
The Coa, the Cunning and the Cat,
Quhais dainty Downs with Dew were wat,
With ſlif Muſtachis ſtrange.

The Hart, the Hynd the Dae, the Rae,
The Fulmart and falſe Fox;
The Beardit Buck clam up the Brae,
With birſſy Bairs and Brocks;
Sum feiding, ſum dreiding
The Hunters ſubtile Gnairs,
With ſkipping and tripping,
They playit them all in Pairs.

IV.

The Air was ſobir, ſaft and ſweit.
Nae Miſty Vapours, Wind nor Weit,
But quyit, calm and clear;
To foſter *Floras* fragrant Flowris,
Quhairon *Apollos* Paramouris,
Had trinklit mony a Teir;
The Quhilk lyke Silver Schaikers ſhynd,
Embroydering Bewties Bed,
Quhairwith their Heavy Heids declynd,
In *Mayis* Collouris cled,
Sum knoping ſum droping,
Of balmy Liquor ſweit,
Excelling and ſmelling,
Throw *Phebus* hailſum Heit,

V.

METHOCHT an heavenlie heartſum Thing,
Quhair Dew lyke Diamonds did hing,
Owre twinkling all the Treis,
To ſtudy on the Fluriſt Twiſts,
Admiring Natures Alchymiſts
Laborious buſſie Bies,
Quhairof ſum ſweiteſt Honie ſocht,
To ſtay thair Lyves frae Sterve,
And ſum the waxie Veſchells wrocht,
Thair Purchaſe to preſerve;
So haiping, for keiping
It in thair Hyves they hyde,
Preciſely and wyſely,
For Winter thy provyde.

VI.

To pen the Pleaſures of that Park,
How every Bloſſom Beauch and Bark,
Againſt the Sun did ſhyne,
I paſs to poetis to compile,
In hich heroick ſtaitlie Style,
Quhais Muſe farmatchis myne.

But as I lukit myne alane,
I ſaw a River rin,
Outwore a ſteipie Rock of Stane,
Syne lichtit in a Lin,
With tumbling and rumbling
Amang the Roches round,
Devalling and falling,
Into a Pit profound.

VII.

THROW rowting of the River rang,
The Roches ſounding lyke a Sang,
Quhair Das Kane did abound;
With Triple, Tenor, Counter, Mein,
And Ecchoe blew a Baſe betweene,
In Diapaſon Sound,
Set with the *C--ſol--fa--uth* Cleif,
With Lang and Large at lift;
With Quaver, Crotchet, ſemibrief,
And not an minum miſt,
Compleitly mair ſweitly,
Scho fridound flat and ſchairp,
Nor Muſes that uſes
To pin *Apolles* Harp.

VIII.

QUHA wald haif tyrt to heir that Tune,
Quhilk Birds corroborate ay abune,
With Lays of luvefum Larks,
Quhilk clim fae high in Chryſtal Skyis,
Quhyle *Cupid* walkens with the Crys,
Of Natures Chappel Clerks,
Quha leving all the Hevins abuve,
Allichted on the Eird.
Lo how that little Lord of Luve,
Before me thair appeird,
Sae myld lyke and Chyld lyke
With Bow three Quarters ſcant,
Syne moylie and coylie,
He lukit lyk ane Sant.

IX.

ANE cleinly Criſp hang owre his Eyis,
His Quiver by his nakit Thyis
Hang in ane Silver Lace;
Of Gold betwixt his Schoulders grew,
Twa pretty Wings quhairwith he flew,
On his left Arm ane Brace.

This God fone aff his Geir he ſchuke
Upon the graſſie Grund;
I ran als lichtly for to luke,
Quhair Forlies micht be fund:
Amaſit I gaſit
To ſee his geir ſae gay
Perſaiſing myne Haveing,
He countit me his Prey,

X.

His Zouth and Statur made me ſtout,
Of Doubleneſs I had nae Doubt,
But bourded with my Boy:
Quod I, How call they thee my Chyld,
*Cupido*, Sir, quod he and ſmyld,
Pleaſe you me to imploy:
For I can ſerve you in your Suite,
If you pleaſe to imgyre,
With Wings to flie, and Schafts to ſchute
Or Flamis to ſet on Fyre.
Mak Choice then of thoſe then,
Or of a thouſand Things,
But crave them and have them,
With that I wowd his Wings,

XI.

QUHAT wald thou gif my Friend, *quod he;*
To haif thir wanton Wings to flie,
To ſport thy Sprit a quhyle;
Or quhat gif I ſuld lend the Heir,
Bow, Quiver, Schafts and Schuting Geir
Sum Body to begyle:
That Geir, *quod, I* cannot be boeht,
Zit I wald have it fain;
Quhat gif, *quod he,* it coſt thee nocht,
But rendering all again:
His Wings then he brings then,
And band them on my Back,
Go flie now *quod he,* now,
And ſae my Leif I tak.

XII.

I ſprang up with *Cupidoes* Wings,
Quha Bow and Schuting Geir reſigns,
To lend me for a Day:
As *Icarus* with borrowit Flicht,
I mountit hichar nor I micht,
Owre perrelous ane Play:

Then Furth I drew that double Dart
Quhilk ſumtyme ſchot his Mother
Quhairwith I hurt my wanton Hairt,
In hope to hurt an uther:
It hurt me or burnt me,
Quhyle either hand I handill
Cum ſee now in me now
The Butter-flie and Candill.

XIII.

As ſcho delyts into the Low,
Sae was I browdin of my Bow,
Als ignorant as ſcho;
And as ſcho flies quhyls ſcho be fyrit,
Sae with the Dart that I deſyrt,
My hand has hurt me to;
As fuliſh *Phaeton* be ſute
His Fathers Cart obtaind,
Sae langt I in Lufis Bow to ſchute,
Not marking quhat it meind
Mair wilfull than Skilfull,
To flie I was ſae fond,
Deſyring, aſpiring;
And ſae was ſene uponnd.

XIV.

Too late I knew quha heyis to Hie,
Ane ſpail ſall fall into his Eie,
Too late I went to Schuils;
Too late I heard the Swallow preich,
Too late experience Dois teich
The Schuil-maiſter of Fuils;
Too late to fynd the Neſt I ſeik,
Quhen all the Birds ar flowin;
Too late the Stabil-dore I ſteik,
Quhen all the Steids are ſtowin;
Too late ay their State ay,
All fuliſh Folk eſpy,
Behind ſae, they find ſae
Remeid, and ſae do I.

XV.

Gif I had ryplie bene advyſt,
I had not raſchly enterpryſt,
To ſoir with borrowit Penns;
Nor zit had ſeyd the Archer-craft,
To ſchute myſell with ſik a Schaft,
As Reaſon quyte miſkenns:

Frae wilfulneſs gif me my Wound,
I had nae Force to flie,
Then came I grainand to the Ground,
Friend, Welcum hame, *quod he;*
Quhair flew ze; Quhom flew ze?
Or quha brings hame the Buiting!
I ſe now, *quod he*, now,
Ze haif bene at the Schuting

XVI.

As Skorne cums commonlie with Skaith,
Sae I behuiſt to byde them baith,
Sae ſtakkering was my Stait!
That undir Cure I gat ſik Chek,
Quhilk I micht nocht remuif nor nek,
But eyther ſtail or mait;
My agony was ſae extreme,
I ſwelt and ſwound for Feir,
But or I walkant of my Dreme,
He ſpulziet me of my Geir;
With Flicht then on Hicht then
Sprang *Cupid* in the Skyis,
Forzetting and ſetting
At nocht my cairfull Cryis,

XVII.

Sae lang with Sicht I followit him,
Quhyle baith my dazelled Eyis grew dim
With ſtairing on the Starns,
Quhilk flew ſae thick befoir my Ein,
Sum reid, ſum zellow, blew, ſum grene,
Quhilk trublit all my Harns,
That every Thing apperit twae
To my barbulzeit Brain,
But lang micht I ly luiking ſae,
Or *Cupid* came again;
Quhais Thundering, with Wondering,
I hard up throw the Air,
Throw Cluds ſo he thuda ſo,
And flew I wiſt not quhais.

XVIII.

Then frae I ſaw that God was gane,
And I in langour left allane,
And ſair tormentit to;
Sumtyme I ſichit, quhyle I was ſad,
Sumtyme I muſit and maiſt gane mad,
I wiſt not quhat to do;

Sumtyme I ravit half in a Rage,
As ane into Diſpair,
To be oppreſt with ſic a Page,
Lord gif my heart was ſair
Lyke *Dido Cupido*,
I widdill and I warie,
Quha reft me and left me
In ſic a Feirie-farie.

XIX.

Then felt I *Courage* and *Deſyre*
Inflame my Heart with uncouth Fyre,
To me befoir unknawn;
But now nae Bluide in me remains
Unburnt and boyld within my Vaines,
By Love his Bellies blawin;
To quench it or I was devorit,
With Sichs I went about,
But ay the mair I ſchupe to ſmorit,
The baulder it brak out;
Ay preiſing bot ceiſing,
Quhyl it micht breik the Bounds,
My Hew ſo furth ſchew ſo
The Dolour of My Wounds.

XX.

With deidly Viſage, pail and wan,
Mair lyke an Atomy than Man,
I widdert clein away,
As Wax befoir the Fyre, I felt
My Heart within my boſom melt,
And Peice and Peice decay,
My Veines with brangling lyk to brek,
My Punſis lap with Pith;
Sae Fervency did me infek,
That I was vext thairwith:
My Heart ay did ſtart ay,
The fyrie Flamis to flie,
Ay howping, throw lowping,
To leap at Libertie.

XXI.

But, O alace! it was abunt,
My cairfull Corps kept it incluiſt,
In Perſoun of my Breiſt;
With Sichs ſae ſowpit and owre-ſet,
Lyk to an Fiſch faſt in the Net,
In Deid thraw undeceiſt.

Quha thocht in vain ſcho ſtryve by Strength
For to pull out hir Heid.
Quhilk profits naething at the length,
But haiſtning to hir Deid;
With wriſting and thirſting,
The faſter ſtill is ſcho
Thair I ſo did ly ſo,
My Death advancing to.

XXII.

The mair I wreſtlit with the Wind
The faſter ſtill myſelf I find,
Nae Mirth my Mynd micht meiſe;
Mair Noy, nor I, had never nane,
I was ſae altert and owre-gane,
Throw Drowth of My Diſeiſe.
Zit weakly as I micht I raiſe,
My Sicht grew dim and Dark,
I ſtakkerit at the Windill-ſtraes,
Nae Takin I was ſtark
Baith ſichtleſs and michtles
I grew allmaiſt at aine,
In Angwiſche I langwiſche,
With mony grievous Grains.

XXIII.

With ſober Pace I did approche
Hard to the River, and the Roche,
Quhairof I ſpak befoir;
The River ſic a Murmur maid,
As to the Sea it ſaftly ſaid,
The Craig hich, ſtay and ſchoire:
Then Pleaſure did me ſae provok
Thair partly to repair,
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
Quhair *Heap* grew with *Diſpaire*;
A Trie than I ſie than
Of Cherries on the Braes,
Belaw to I ſaw to
Ane Buſs of bitter Slaes.

XXIV.

The Cherries hang abune my Heid,
Lyke twynkland Rubies round and reid,
Sae hich up in the Hewch,
Quhais Schaddowis in the River ſchew,
Als graithly glancing as they grew,
On trimbling Twiſtis and tewch,

Quhilk bowed throw burding of thair Birth,
Declyning doun thair Toppis,
Reflect of *Phebus* aff the *Firth*,
New colourit all thair Knoppis;
With danſing and glanſing,
In Tyrles dornik champ,
Quhilk ſtreimed and leimed
Throw Lichtneſs of that Lamp.

XXV.

With earneſt Eie, quhyl I eſpy
The Fruit betwixt me and the Sky,
Half-gaite almaiſt to Hevin;
The Craig ſae cumberſum to clim,
The Trie ſae tall of Growth, and trim,
As ony arrow evin:
I call'd to mynd how *Daphne* did,
Within the Laurell ſchrink,
Quhen from *Appollo* ſcho hir hid
A thouſand Tymes I think;
That Trie thair to me thair,
As he his Laurell thocht,
Aſpyring, bot tyring,
To get that Fruit I ſocht

XXVI.

To clim the Craig it was nae Buit,
Let be to preiſs to pull the Fruit
In Top of all the Trie;
I ſaw nae Way quhairby to cum,
Be ony Craft to get it clum,
Appeirandlie to me:
The Craig was ugly ſtay and dreich,
The Trie lang ſound and ſmall,
I was affrayd to clim ſa hich,
For Feir to fetch a Fall;
Affrayit to ſay it,
I lukit up on loft,
Quhyls minting, quhyls ſtinting,
My purpoſe changit oft.

XXVII.

Then *Dreid* with *Danger* and *Diſpair*,
Forbad me minting onie mair
To rax abune my Reiche;
Quhat, Tuſche, quod *Courage*, Man go to,
He is but daft that has to do,
And ſpairs for every Speiche:

For I haif aft bard ſuith Men ſay,
And we may ſee eurſells,
That Fortune helps the hardy ay,
And Pultrones plain repells;
Then feir nocht nor heir nocht,
*Dreid, Danger* or *Diſpair*
To Fazarts bard Hazarts,
Is deid or they cum their.

XXVIII.

Quha ſpeids, but ſic as heich aſpyris,
Quha triumphs nocht, but ſic as tryes
To win a nobill Name;
Of ſchrinking, quhat but Schame ſucceids,
Then do as thou wald haif thy Deids
In Regiſter of Fame:
I put the Cais thou nocht prevaild,
Sae thou with Honour die;
Thy Lyfe, but not thy Courage faild,
Sall Poets pen of thee:
Thy Name than from fame than
Sall nevir be cut aff,
Thy Graif ay ſall haif ay,
That honeſt Epitaff.

XXIX.

QUHAT can thou luſſe, quhen Honour levis,
Renown (thy Vertew) ay revives,
Gif valiantdie thou end:
Quod *Danger*, Hald, Freind, tak heid,
Untymous Spurring ſpills the Steid;
Tak tent quhat ze pretend:
Thocht *Courage* counſell thee to clim,
Bewar thou kep nae Skaith,
Haif thou nae Help but *Hope* and him,
They may begyle thee baith:
Thy ſell now may tell now
The Counſell of thae Clerks,
Quhairthrow zit I trow zit
Thy Breiſt dois beir the Marks.

XXX.

BRUNT Bairn with Fyre the *Danger* dreids,
Sae I belief thy Bolome bleids,
Sen laſt that Fyre thou felt:
Beſyds that ſeindle Tymes thou ſeis
That evir *Courage* keips the Keis
Of Knawledge at his Belt;

Thocht he bid fordwart with his Guns,
Small Powder he provyds,
Be not ane Novice of that Nunnes,
That ſaw nocht baith the Sydes;
Fule haiſt ay almaiſt ay,
Owre-ſails the Sicht of ſum,
Quha huiks not, nor luiks not
Quhat eftirward may cum.

XXXI.

Zit Wiſdom wiſches thee to wey
This Figure in Philoſophy,
A Leſſoun worth to leir,
Quhilks is in Tyme for to tak tent,
And not quhen Tyme is paſt repent,
And buy repentance deir;
Is thair nae Honour eftir Lyfe,
Except to ſlay thyſell,
Quhairfoir his *Atropos* that Knyfe?
I trow thou cannot tell:
Quha bot it wald cut it,
Quhilk *Clotho* ſkairs has ſpun,
Deſtroying thy Joying
Befoir it be begun.

XXXII.

All Owres ar repute to be Vyce,
Owre hich, owre law, owre raſch, owre nyce,
Owre het or zit owre cauld;
Thou ſeims unconſtant, by thy Signs,
Thy Thocht is on a Thouſand Things,
Thou wats not quhat thou wald;
Let Fame hir Pitie on the poure,
Quhen all thy Banes ar brokin,
Zon Slae, ſuppoſe you think it ſoure,
May ſatisfie to ſlokkin
Thy Drouth now, of Zouth now,
Quhilk dryes thee with Deſyre,
Aſſwage than thy Rage, Man,
Foul Water quenches Fyre.

XXXIII.

Quhat Fule art thou to die of Thriſt,
And now may quench it, gif thou liſt,
Sae eaſylie bot Pain;
Mair Honour is to vanquiſch ane
Than feicht with tenſum and be tane,
And owther hurt or ſlain:

The Prattick is to bring to pas,
And not to enterpryse,
And ale gude drinking out of Glas
As Gold in ony Wayis;
I levir haif evir
A Foul in hand or tway,
Nor sicand ten sliand
About me all the Day.

XXXIV.

LUKE quhair thou licht befoir thou lowp,
And slip na Certainty for Howp,
Quha gyds thee but begesis,
Quod *Courage*. Cowards tak nae Cure,
To sit with Schame, sae they be sure,
I lyk them all thee lesis;
Quhat Plesure pureheit is bot Pain,
Or Honour win with Eise,
He will not ly quhair he is slain,
That douttis befoir he dies:
For *Feir* then I heir then,
But only ane Remeid,
Quhilk latt is, and that is
For to tint all the Heid,

XXXV.

QUHAT is the Way to heil thy Hort?
Quhat is the way to ſtay thy Start?
Quhat meins may mak thee merie?
Quhat is the comfort that thou craivs?
Suppoſe thir Sophiſts thee deſaivs:
Thou knaws it is the *Cherrie*;
Sen for it only thou but thriſts;
The *Slae* can be nae Buit;
In it alſo thy Health conſiſts,
And in nae uther Fruit;
Quhy quarks thou, and ſchaiks thou?
And ſtudys at our Stryfe,
Advyſe thee, it lyes thee,
On nae leſs than thy Lyfe.

XXXVI.

GIF any Patient wald be panſt,
Quhy ſuld he lowp quhen he is lanſt,
Or ſchrink quhen he is ſchorn;
For I haif hard Chirurgians ſay,
Aftymes defferring of a Day,
Micht not be mend the Morn.

Tak Tyme, in Tyme or Tyme be tint;
For tyme will not remain:
Quhat forces Fyre out of the Flint,
But als hard match again.
Delay not, and fray not,
And thou fall fie it fae,
Sic gets ay, than fetts ay,
Stout Stomaks to the Brae.

XXXVII.

THOCHT all Beginings be maift hard,
The End is pleafand afterward;
Then fchrink not for a Schowre;
Frae anes that thou thy Greining get,
Thy Pain and Travel is forzet,
The Sweit exceids the Soure.
Gae to then quicklie, feir not thir.
For *Howp* gude Hap hes hecht,
Quod *Danger* be not fudden, Sir,
The Matter is of Wecht;
Firft fpy baith and try baith,
Advyfement does nane Ill,
I fay then, ye may then,
Be willful quhen ze will.

XXXVII.

But zit to Mynd the Proverb call,
*Quha uſes Perrils periſh ſall,*
Schort quhyle thair Lyfe them laſts;
And I haif hard *quod Howp*, that he
Sall nevir ſchaip to ſail the Se,
That for all Perrills caſts.
How mony throw Diſpair are Deid,
That nevir Perils preivt?
How mony alſo, gif thou reid,
Of Lyves have we releivt?
Quha being evin dieing,
Bot Danger but diſpaird;
A Hunder, I wonder,
But thou haſt hard declaird.

XXXIX.

Gif we twa hald not up thy Heart.
Quhilk is the Chief and nobleſt Part,
Thy Wark wald not gang weil,
Conſidering thae Companions can
Diſwade a ſilly ſimple Man,
To haſard for his Heil,

Suppose they haif desavit sum,
Or they and we micht meit;
They get me Credence quhair we cum,
With ony man of Spreit,
By Reasoun their Treasoun
Be us is first espyit,
Reveiling their Deiling.
Quhilk dow not be denyit.

XL.

With sleikit Sophisms seiming sweit,
As all thair Doings war discreit,
They wish thee to be wyse,
Postponing Tyme frae Hour to Hour,
But Faith in underneath the Flowr,
The lurking Serpent lyes?
Suppose thou seis her not a Styme,
Till that scho stings thy Fute:
Perlaivs thou nocht quhat precious Tyme,
Thy slewthing does owreschute.
Alace Man! thy Case Man,
In lingring Flament,
Go to now and do now,
That Courage be content.

XLI.

QUHAT gif Melancholy cum in,
And get ane Grip or thou begin,
Than is thy labour loſt;
For he will hald the hard and faſt,
Till Tyme and Place and Fruit be paſt,
And thou give up the Ghoſt:
Than ſall be graivd upon the Stane,
Quhilk on thy Graif is laid,
Sumtyme thair lived ſic a ane;
But how ſall it be ſaid?
Here lyes now, bot pryſe now
Into Diſhonours bed,
An Cowarе as thou art,
That from his fortune fled.

XLII.

IMAGYNE Man gif thou wer laid
In Graif, and ſyne micht heir this ſaid,
Wald thou not ſweit for Schame?
Yes, Faith I doubt nocht but thou wald:
Thereſoir gif thou has Ene behaild,
How they wald ſmoir thy Fame

Gae to and mak nae mair Excuſe,
Or Lyfe and Honour loſe,
And outher them or us refuſe
There is nae uther Choſe.
Conſider togidder,
That we can nevir dwell,
At length ay by Strenth ay
Thae Pultrones we expell.

XLIII.

Quod *Danger*, Sen I underſtand,
That Counſell can be nae Command,
I have nae mair to ſay,
Except that gif he thocht it good;
Tak Counſell zit or ze conclude
Of Wyſer Men nor they.
They are but rackleſs, zung and raſche,
Suppoſe they think us fleid;
Gif of our Fellowſchip zou faſche,
Gang with them hardly beit.
God ſpeid zou, they leid zou,
That has not meikle Wit,
Expell us, zeil tell us,
Heiraftir comes not zit.

XLIV.

QUHYLE *Danger* and *Diſpair* retyrt,
*Experience* came in and ſpeirt
Quhat all the Matter meind;
With him came *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
And they began to ſpeir at *Will*,
Quhair make ze to my Friend?
To pluck zone luſty Cherrie loe,
Quod he and quyte the Slae:
Quod they, is thair nae mair ado,
Or ze win up the Brae?
But to it, and do it,
Perforce the Fruit to pluck,
Weil, Brother, ſum uther
Were better to conduct.

XLV.

WE grant ze may be gude aneuch;
But zit the Hazard of zon Heuch,
Requyris ane graver Gyde;
As wyſe as ze are may gae wrang;
Thairfor tak Counſail or ze gang
Of ſum that ſtand beſyde.

But quha war zon three ze forbad
Zour Company richt now;
Quod *Will* three Prechours to perſwad,
The poyſond Slae to pow.
They trattlit and prattelit,
A lang half Hour and mair;
Fool fall them, they call them
*Dreid, Danger* and *Diſpair*.

XLVI.

They are mair faſchious nor of Fook,
Zon Fazards durſt not for thair Neck
Clim up the Craig wish us;
Frae we determiuit to die,
Or elſe to clim zon Cherrie Tree,
They baid about the Buſs.
They are conditiond lyk the Cat,
They wald not weit thair Feit,
But zit gif ony Fiſch ze gat,
They wald be fain to eit.
Thocht they now, I ſay now,
To hazard haif nae Heart,
Zit luck we and pluck we,
The Fruit they wald haif part.

XLVII.

But frae we get our Voyage wun,
They ſall not than a Cherrie cun,
That wald not enterpryſe;
Weil quod *Experience*, ze boiſt;
But he that Counts without his Oiſt,
He aftentymes counts twyſe.
Ze ſell the Beirs Skin on his Back,
But byd while ze it get;
Quhen ze have done, its Tyme to crak
Ze fiſh befoir the Net.
Quhat haiſt, Sir, ze taiſt, Sir,
The Cherry or ze pou it;
Bewar zit, ze ar zit
Mair talkative nor trowit.

XLVIII.

Call Danger back again, quod *Skill*,
To ſe quhat he can ſay to *Will*,
We ſee him ſchod ſae ſtrait:
We may nocht trow quhat ilk ane tells,
Quod *Courage* we concludid ells,
He ſervis not for our Mait;

For I can tell zou all perqueir
His Counſail or he cum:
Quod *Will*, quhairto ſoud he cum heir,
He cannot hald him dum;
He ſpeiks ay, and ſeiks ay
Delay of Tyme be Drifts;
He grievis us, and devis us,
With Sophiſtries and Schifts:

XLIX.

Quod *Reaſoun*, quhy was he debard?
The Tale is ill may not be hard,
Zet let us heir him anis.
Then *Danger* to declair began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the Man,
To leid him all thair lains;
For they wald haif him up the Hill,
But owther Stap or Stay:
And quha was welcomer than *Will*,
He wald be formoſt ay;
He could do, and ſould do,
Quha evir wald or nocht,
Sic ſpeiding proceiding
Unlyklie was I thocht.

L.

THAIRFOR I wiſht them to bewar,
And raſhly not to run owre far,
Without ſic Gyds as ze.
Quod *Courage*, Freind, I heir zou tail,
Tak bettir tent unto zour Tale,
Ze ſaid it could not be;
Befydis that ze wald not conſent,
That evir we ſuld clim:
Quod *Will* for my Pairt I repent,
We ſaw them mair than him:
For they are the Stayer
Of us, as weil as he;
I think now they ſchrink now,
Go forwart let them be.

LI.

Go, go, we naithing do but gucks;
They ſay the Voyage nevir luks,
Quhair ilk ane has a Vote.
Quod *Wiſdom* gravely, Sir, I grant,
We were nae warſe zour Vote to Want,
Sum Sentence heir I note.

Suppoſe ze ſpeak it but begeis,
Som Fruit thairin I fynd;
Ze wald be forward I confeſs.
And cums aftymes behynd
It may be that they be
Deſavit that nevir doutit;
Indeid, Sir, that Heid, Sir,
Has mekle Wit about it.

LII.

THEN willfull *Will* began to rage,
And ſware he ſaw naithing in Age,
But Anger, Yre and Grudge;
And for myſell, quod he, I ſweir
To quhat all my Companions heir,
Gif they admit zou Judge,
*Experience* is grown ſae auld,
That he begins to rave;
The laif but *Courage* are ſae cauld,
Nae Hazarding they haif;
For *Danger*, far ſtranger
Has made them than they war,
Gae frae then, we pray then,
That nowther dow nor dar.

LIII.

QUHY may not theſe three leid this ane
led an hunder myne alane.
Bot Counſal of thom all.
I grant quod *Wiſdom* ze haif led;
Bot I wald ſpeir how mony ſped,
Or furder bot a Fall.
But owther few or nane I trow,
*Experience* can tell;
He ſays the Man may wyte but zou
The firſt Tyme that he fell.
He kens then, quhais Pènns then,
Thou borrowit him to flee;
His Wounds zet, that ſtounds zet,
He gat them then throu thee.

LIV.

THAT, quod *Experience*, is trew;
*Will* flatterit him quhen firſt he flew;
*Will* ſet him in a Low.
*Will* was his Counſell and Convoy,
To borrow frae the Blindit Boy
Baith Quiver wings and Bow;

Quhairwith before he ſeyd to ſhute,
He nowther zield to Zouth,
Nor zet had Neid of ony Fruit,
To quench his deidlie Drouth.
Quhilk pyns him and dwyns him
To Deid, I wat not how,
Gif *Will* then did ill then,
Himſelf remembers now.

LV.

For I *Experience* was thair
Lyke as I uſe to be all quhair,
Quhat Tyme he wytit *Will*
To be the Grund of all his Grief,
As I my ſelf can be a Preif
And Witneſs thairuntill:
Thair are nae Bounds but I haif bene,
Nor hidlings frae me hid,
Nor ſecret Things that I haif ſene
That he or ony did:
Thairfoir now, no moir now,
Let him think to conceild;
For quhy now even I now
Am Det bound to reveild.

LVI.

My cuſtome is for to declair,
The Truth, and nowther eik nor pare,
For ony Man a Jot:
Gif wilful *Will* delyts in Leis,
Example in thy ſelf thou ſeis
How he can turn his Coat;
And with his Language wald alure
Thee zet to brek thy Bains:
Thou knaws thy ſelf, gif he was ſure,
Thou uſd his Counſell anes,
Quha wald zet be bauld zet,
To wrak thee war not we,
Think on now of zon now,
Quod *Wiſdom* then to me.

LVII.

Weil quod *Experience*, gif he
Submits himſelf to you and me,
I wate quhat I ſould ſay,
Our gude Advyſe he ſall not want,
Provyding always that he grant
To put zon *Will* away,

And baniſch baith him and *Diſpair*,
That all gude Purpoſe Spills;
Sae he will mell with them nae mair,
Let them twa flyte their fills
Sic Coiffing bot Loffing,
All honeſt Men may uſe;
That Change now were ſtrange now,
Quod *Reaſon*, to refuſe.

LVIII.

Quod *Will*, Fy on him quhen he flew,
That poud not Cherries then anew,
For to haif ſtayd his Sturt.
Quod *Reaſon* thocht he bear the Blame,
He nowther ſaw nor neidit them,
Till he himſelf had hurt:
Firſt quhen he miſtert not, he micht,
He neids and may not now
Thy Foly quhen he had his Flicht
Empaſhed him to pow.
Baith he now and we now
Perſaive thy Purpoſe plain
To turn him, and burn him,
And blaw on him again.

LIX.

Quod *Skill*, Quhy ſuld we langer ſtryve?
Far better late than nevir thryve,
Cum let us help him zit;
Tint Tyme we may not get again,
We waſt but preſent tyme in vain,
Beware with that quod *Wit*:
Speik on, *Experience*, lets ſe,
We think ze hald ze dum,
Of Byganes I haif hard quod he,
I knaw not things to cum.
Quod *Reaſon*, The Seaſon
With Slowthing ſlyds away,
Firſt tak him and mak him
A Man gif that ze may.

LX.

Quod *Will*, Gif he be not a Man,
I pray zou, Sirs, quhat is he than?
He lukes lyk ane at leiſt.
Quod *Reaſon*, Gif he follow thee,
And mynd not to remain with me,
Noght but a brutal Beiſt:

A Man in Schape doth not conſiſt,
For all zour taunting Tales,
Thairfor, Sr *Will*, I wald ze wiſt
Zour Metaphyſick fails;
Gae leir zit a Zeir zit
Zour Logick at the Schulis,
Sum Day then ze may then
Paſs Maſter with the Mulis.

LXI.

Quod *Will*, I marvell quhat ze mein,
Suld not I trow my ain twa E[illegible],
For all zour Logick Schulis,
If I did not I war not wyſe:
Quod *Reaſon*, I haif tald zou thryſe,
Nane ferlies mair than Fulis;
Thair be mae Sences than the Sicht,
Quhilk ze owre-hale for Haſte,
To wit, gif ze remember richt,
Smell, Heiring, Touch, and Taſte,
All quick Things haif ſic Things,
I mein baith Man and Beiſt,
By Kynd then, we fynd then
Few laks them in the leiſt.

LXII.

Sae be that Conſequens of thyne,
Or Syllogiſm ſaid lyk a Swyne,
A Cow may teach thee Lair;
Thou uſes only but thyne Eies,
Scho touches, taſtes, ſmells, heirs, and ſeis,
Quhilk matches thee and mair:
But ſince to triumph ze intend,
As preſently appeirs,
Sir, for zour Clergie, to be kend,
Tak ze twa Aſſes Eirs,
Nae Myter perfyter
Gat *Midas* for his Meid,
That Hude Sir is gude Sir
To hap zour Brain-ſick Heid.

LXIII.

Zr haif nae Feil for to defyne,
Thoch ze haif Cunning to declyne
A Man to be a Mule.
With litle Wark zit ze may vowd
To grow a galant Horſe and gude,
To ryde thairon at Zule

But to our Ground quhair we began,
For all your gaſtlefs Jeſts,
I muſt be Maſter to the Man,
But thou to Bratal Beiſts;
Sae we twae maun be twae,
To cauſe baith Kyads be knawn,
Keip thyne thou frae myne then,
And ilka ane uſe thair awin.

LXIV

Then *Will* as angrie as an Ape,
Ran ramping ſweiring rude and rape,
Saw he non other Schift;
He wald not want an inch of Will,
Quhither it did him Gude or Ill,
For thirty of his Thrift;
He wald be formoiſt in the Feild,
And Maiſter gif he micht,
Yea he ſuld rather die than zield,
Though *Reaſon* had the richt:
Shall he now mak me now
His Subject or his Slaif,
Na rather, my Father
Sall quick gang to his Graif.

LXV.

I hecht him quhyle my heart is heal,
To periſch firſt or he prevail,
Cum after quhat ſo may:
Quod *Reaſon*, Dout ze not indeed,
Ze hit the Nail upon the Heid,
It ſall be as ze ſay.
Suppoſe ze ſpur for to aſpyre,
Zour Brydle wants a Bit,
That Meir may leif zou in the Myre,
As ſicker as ze ſit.
Zour Sentence, Repentance,
Sall learn zou, I believe,
And anger zou langer,
Quhen ze that prattick prieve.

LXVI.

As ze haif dyted zour Decreit,
Zour Propheſie to be complete,
Perhaps, and to zour Pains,
It has bein ſaid, and may be ſae,
A wilfull Man wants nevir Wae.
Thocht he gets litle Gains.

But ſen ze think it eaſy Thing
To mount aboif the Munc,
Of zour awin Fidle tak a Spring,
And daunce quhen ze haif done;
If than Sir the Man Sir
Lykes of zour Mirth, he may,
But ſpeir firſt and heir firſt
Quhat he himſelf will ſay.

LXVII.

Then all togither they began
To ſay, Cum on, thou martyrit Man.
Quhat is thy Will, advyſe?
Abaiſd a bony quhyle I baid,
And muſd or I my Anſwer maid,
I turnd me anes or twyſe,
Behalding ilky ane about,
Quhais Motions muvit me maiſt,
Sum ſeimd aſſurd, ſum dred for Dout,
*Will* ran reid-wod for Haiſt,
With wringing and ſlinging,
For Madneſs lyk to mang;
*Diſpair* to, for Care to,
Wald neids himſelf gae hang.

LXVIII.

WHILK quhen *Experience* perſavit,
uod he, Remember gif we ravit,
As *Will* alledgt of lait,
uben that he ſware he naithing ſaw
Age, But Anger, ſlak and ſlaw,
And cankert of Conſait;
e could not luck as he aledgt,
That all Opinions ſpeirt,
le was ſae frak and fyrie edgt,
He thocht us four but feirt:
Quha panſis, quhat chanſis,
Quod he nae Worſchip wins,
To ſum beſt fall cum beſt
That hap weil rak weil rins.

LXIX.

IT, quod *Experience*, behald,
or all the Tales that he has tald,
How he himſell behaifs,
ecauſe *Diſpair* could not cum ſpeid,
o quhair he hangs all but the Heid,
And in a Widdy waifs:

Gif zou be ſure anes thou may ſe
To Men that with them mells,
Gif they had hurt or helpit thee,
Conſidder be themſells,
Then chuſe thee to uſe thee,
By us, or ſic as zone,
Say ſone now, haif done now,
Mak owther aff or on.

LXX.

PERSAVES thou not quhairfrae proceids
The frantick Fantaſie that feids,
Thy furious flaming Fyre
Quhilk dois thy bailfull Breiſt combuir,
That nane but we, quod they, can cuir
Or help thy Hearts Deſyre:
The perſing Paſſion of thy Spreit
That waiſts thy vital Breath,
Has holit thy heavy Heart with Heit,
*Deſyre* draws on thy Death.
Thy Pencis renouncis
All kynd of quiet Reſt,
That Fever has ever
Thy Perſon ſae oppreſt.

LXXI.

COUD thou cum anes acquaint with *Skill*,
He kens quhat Humours does thee ill,
And how thy Cair contracks;
He knaws the Ground of all thy Greife,
And Recipies for thy Releife,
All Medicines he maks:
Cum on, quod *Skill*, content am I
To put my helping hand,
Provyiding always he apply
To Counſell and Command;
Quhyle we than, quod he, than,
Ar mindit to remain,
Gife Place now, in caſe now,
Thou get us not again.

LXXII.

ASSURE thyſell, gif that we ſched,
Thou ſall not get thy Purpoſe ſped,
Tak tent we haif thee tald:
Haif done, and dryve not aff the Day,
The Man that will not quhen he may,
He ſall not quhen he wald.

Quhat wald thou do, I wald we wiſt,
Accept or gife us owre:
Quod I, I think me mair than bliſt
To find ſic famous four
Beſyde me, to gyde me,
Now quhen I haif to do,
Conſiddering the ſwiddering
Ze fand me firſt into.

LXXIII.

QUHEN *Courage* craiſt a Stamok ſtout,
And *Danger* draif me into *Dout*,
With his Companzion *Dreid*:
Quhyls *Will* wald up aboif the Air,
Quhyls I was dround in deip *Diſpair*,
Quhyls *Hope* held up my Heid:
Sic pithy Reſouns and Replys
On ilka Syde they ſchew,
That I quha was not verie wyſe
Thocht all thair Tales wer trew
Sae mony and bony
Auld Problems they propond
Baith quicklie and liklie,
I marvled meklie ond.

LXXIV.

Zit *Hope* and *Courage* wan the Feild,
Thocht *Dreid* and *Danger* neir wald zeild,
But fled to find Refuge;
Swa, fra zou Four met, they wer fain,
Becauſe ze gart us cum again,
They greind to get ze Juge
Quhair they wer fugitive befoir,
Zou maid them frank and free,
To ſpeik and ſtand in Aw nae moir,
Quod *Reaſon*, Swa ſuld be:
Aft Tymes now, bot Crymes now,
But even *per* Force it falls
The Strang ay, with Wrang ay,
Put Weaker to the Walls.

LXXV.

Quhilk is a Fault ze maun confeſs,
Strength is not ordaind to oppreſs
With Rigour, bye the richt
But on the contrair, to ſuſtein
The waik-anes that owreburdent bein,
Als mekle as they micht.

Sae *Howp* and *Courage* did, quod I,
Experimented lyke
Schaw ſkilld and pithie Reſouns quhy
That *Danger* lap the Dyke.
Quod *Dreid*, Sir, tak heid, Sir,
Lang ſpeiking Part maun ſpill,
Inſiſt not, ze wiſt not
We went againſt our Will.

LXXVI.

With *Courage* ze wer ſae content,
Ze nevir ſocht our ſmall Conſent,
Of us ze ſtude nae Aw:
Thair Logick Leſſons ze allowt,
Ze wer determined to trowit,
Alledgence paſt for Law;
For all the Proverbs we peruſd,
Ze thocht them ſkantly ſkilld,
Our Reaſons had bein als weil ruſd,
Had ze bein als weil willd
Till our Syde as zour Syde,
Sae trewlie I may term it,
We ſee now in thee now
Affection dois affirm it.

LXXVII.

EXPERIENCE then ſmyrkling ſmyld,
We are na Bairns to be begyld,
Quod he, and ſchuke his Heid;
For Authors quha alledges us,
They wald not gae about the Buſs
To foſter deidlie Feid:
For we are equall for ze all,
Nae Perſon we reſpect,
We haif bene ſae, ar zit, and ſall
Be found ſae in Effect.
Gif we wer as ze wer,
We had cumd unrequyrd,
But we now, ze ſee now,
Do naithing undeſyrd.

LXXVIII.

THAIR is a Sentence ſaid be ſum,
Let nane uncalled to Counſell cum
That welcum weins to be;
Zea I haif hard anither zit,
Quha cum uncallt, unſerved ſuld ſit,
Perhaps, Sir, ſae may ze.

Gudeman, Gramercy for zour Geck,
Quod *Hope*, and lawly louts,
Gif ze wer ſent for, we ſuſpect,
Becauſe the Doctour douts:
Zour Zeirs now appeir now
With Wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoicing in gloſſing,
Till ze haif tint zour Text.

LXXIX.

QUHAIR ze wer ſent for, let us ſe
Quha wald be welcomer than we,
Pruve that, and we are payd.
Weill, quod *Experience*, beware,
Ze ken not in quhat Caſe ze are,
Zour Tung hes zou betrayd:
The Man may ablens tyne a Stot
That cannot count his Kiſchs
Fra zour awin Bow ze are owre-ſchot
Be mair than half an Inch:
Quha wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
Be four, quhilk ſeimeth ſweit:
I feir now ze heir now
A dangerous Decreit.

LXXX.

SIR, by that Sentence ze haif ſayd,
I pledg or all the Play be playd,
That ſome will loſe a Laike;
Sen ze but put for me to pruve,
Sic heids as help for my Behuve,
Zour Warrand is but waik:
Speir at the Man zour ſelf and ſe,
Suppoſe ye ſtryve for ſtate,
Gif he regarded not how he
Had learnd my Leſſon late;
And granted he wanted
Baith *Reaſon*, *Wit* and *Skill*,
Compleining and meining
Our Abſence did him ill.

LXXXI.

CONFRONT him furder Face to Face,
Gif zit he rews his rackleſs race,
Perhaps, and ze ſall heir;
For ay ſince *Adam* and ſince *Eve*,
Quha firſt thy Leiſings did believe,
I ſald thy Doctrine deir;

Quhat has bein done, even to this Day
I keipt in Mynd allmaiſt,
Ze promiſe furder than ze pay,
Sir, hope for all zour Haiſt;
Promitting, unwitting,
Zour Hechts zou nevir huiked,
I ſchaw zou, I knaw zou,
Zour Bygaues I haif buiked.

LXXXII.

I could, in Caſe a Count wer craivt,
Schaw Thouſands Thouſands thou deſaivt,
Quhair thou was trew to ane;
And by the contrair I may vaunt,
Quhilk thou maun, thocht it greive thee, grant,
I trumpit nevir a Man,
But trewly tald the nakit Truth
To Men that meild with me,
For nowther Rigour nor for Reuth,
But only laith to lie:
To ſum zit, to cum zit,
Thy Suckour will be ſlicht.
Quhilk I then maun try then,
And regiſter it right.

LXXXIII.

Ha, ha! quod *Hope*, and loudie leuch,
Ze are but a Prentiſe at the Pleugh,
Experience ye prieve;
Suppoſe all Byganes as ze ſpak,
Ze are nae Prophet worth a Plak,
Nor I bund to believe:
Ze ſuld not ſay, Sir, till ze ſe,
But quhen ye ſe it ſay;
Zit, quod *Experience*, at thee
Mak mony Mints I may,
By Signs now, and Things now
Quhilk ay before me beirs,
Expreſſing by gueſſing
The Perril that appears.

LXXXIV.

Then *Hope* replyd, and that with Pith,
And wyſelie weyd his Words therwith,
Sententiouſlie and ſhort:
Quod he I am the Anchor Grip
That ſaifs the Sailours and their Ship,
Frae Perril to thair Port,

Quod he, aft times the Anchor dryves,
As we haif fund befoir
And loſes mony thouſand Lyves,
By Shipwrack on the Shore,
Zour grips aft, but ſlips aft
Quhen Men haif maiſt to do,
Syne leivs them and reivs them
Of thy Companzions to.

LXXXV.

THOU leifs them not thy ſelf alane.
But to thair Grief quhen thou art gane,
Gars Courage quhat them als;
Quod *Hope*, I wald ze underſtude,
I grip faſt gif the Grund be gude,
And fleit quhair it is falſe;
Ther ſuld nae Fault with me be fund;
Nor I accuſd at all,
Wyte ſic as ſuld haif plumd the Grund,
Befoir the Anchor fall,
Their Leid ay at Neid ay,
Micht warn them if they wald,
Gif they thair wald ſtay thair,
Or haif gude Anchor hald.

LXXXVI.

Gif ze reid richt it was not I,
But only Ignorance quhairby
Thair Carvells all were cloven.
I am not for a Trumper tane,
All, quod *Experience*, is ane,
I haif my Proceſs proven,
To wit, that we wer calld ilk ane,
To cum before we came;
That now Objection ze haif nane,
Zourſelf may ſay the ſame:
Ze are now owre far now,
Cum forward for to flie;
Perſave then, ze haif then,
The warſt End of the Trie.

LXXXVII.

Quhan *Hope* was gawd into the Quick,
Quod *Courage*, kicking at the Prick,
We let ze weil to wit.
Mak he zou welcomer than we,
Then Byganes, Byganes, fareweil he,
Except he ſeik us zit:

He underſtands his awn Eſtate,
Let him his Chiftains chuſe;
But zit his Battill will be blate,
Gif he our Forſis refuſe;
Refuſe us to chuſe us,
Our Counſell is he clim;
But ſtay he or ſtray he,
We haif nae Help for him.

LXXXVIII.

Except the Cherrie be his Choſe;
Be ze his Friends we are his Foes,
His Doings we diſpyte;
Gif we perſave him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the Slae,
His Companie we quyte.
Then *Dreid* and *Danger* grew full glad,
And wont that they had wone;
They thocht all ſeild that they had ſaid,
Sen they had firſt begun;
They thocht then they moucht then,
Without a Party pleid,
But zet thair, with Wit thair,
They wer dung doun with Speid.

LXXXIX.

Sirs, *Dreid* and *Danger* then, quod *Wit*,
Ze did zour ſells to me ſubmit,
*Experience* can proiſe,
That, quod *Experience*, I paſt,
Thair awin Confeſſions make them faſt,
They may nae mair remoiſe;
For Gif I richt remember me,
This maxime then they made,
To wit, the Man with Wit ſould wey
Quhat Philoſops haif ſaid,
Quhilk Sentance Repentance
Forbad him deir to buy.
They knew then how trew then,
And preſsd not to reply.

XC.

Thocht he dang *Dreid* and *Danger* doun,
Zit *Courage* could not be owrecum;
*Hope* heeht him ſic a Hyre;
He thocht himſell, how ſone he ſaw
His Enemies were laid ſae law,
It was nae Tyme to tyre;

He hit the Yron quhyle it was het,
In caſe it ſould grow cauld;
For he eſteemt his Faes defate,
Quhen anes he fand them fald;
Thoch we now, quod he now,
Haif bein ſae frie and frank,
Unſocht zit he mocht zit,
For Kyndneſs cund us thank.

XCI.

SUPPOSE it ſae as thou haſt ſaid,
That unrequird we proffert Aid,
At leiſt that came of Luve.
*Experience* ze ſtart owre ſone,
Ze naithing dow till all be done,
And then perhaps ze pruve
Mair plain than pleaſant to perchance,
Sum tell that have zou tryt,
As faſt as ze zour ſell advance;
Ze cannot weil denyt:
Abyde then zour Tyde then,
And wait upon the Wind,
Ze knaw Sir, ze aw, Sir,
To hald ze ay behind.

XCII.

UHEN ze haif done ſum duchtie Deids,
ne ze ſuld ſe how all ſucceids,
To wryt them as they wer;
iend, huly, haſt not half ſae faſt,
ill, quod *Experience*, at laſt,
Ze buy my Doctrine deir;
ope puts that Haſt into zour Heid,
Quhilk Boyls zour barmy Brain;
owbeit Fulis haſt cums huly Speid,
ir Hechts will mak Fulis Fain.
Sic Smyling begyling
Bids Feir not any Freits;
Zit I now deny now,
That all is gold that gleits.

XCIII.

PPOSE not Silver all that ſhynes,
ymes a tentleſs Merchand tynes,
For bying Geir begeſs;
all the Vantage and the winning,
le Buyers get at the Beginning,
Quod *Courage* nocht the leſs.

Quhyls as gude Merchants tynes as wins,
Gif auld Mens Tales be trew,
Suppose the Pack cum to the Pins,
Quha can his Chance eschew.
Then gude Sir, conclude Sir,
Gude Buyers haif done haith,
Advance then, tak Chance then,
As sundrie gude Ships hath.

XCIV.

Quha wist quhat wald be cheip or deir,
Sould neid to traffique but a Zeir,
Gif things to cum were kend:
Suppose all bygane Things be plain,
Zour Prophesie is but prophane,
Ze had best behald the End;
Ze wald accuse me of a Cryme,
Almaist besoir we met,
Torment zou not befoir the Tyme,
Since Dolour pays nae Det,
Quhats bypast that I past,
Ze wot gif it was weil,
To cum zit by Dome zit,
Confess ze haif nae Feil.

XCV.

Zit, quod *Experience*, quhat then,
Quha may be meiteſt for the *Man*,
Let us his Anſwer haif;
Quhen they ſubmitted them to *me*,
To *Reaſon* I was fain to flie,
His Counſell for to craif.
Quod *he*, ſince ze zourſelves ſubmit,
To do as I decreit;
I ſall advyſe with *Skill* and *Wit*,
Quhat they think may be meit;
They cryd then, we byde then,
At *Reaſon* for refuge;
Allow him and trow him,
As Governour and Juge.

XCVI.

Then ſaid they all with ane Conſent,
Quhat he concludes we are content
His Bidding to obey;
He hath Authoritie to uſe,
Then tak his choice quhom he will chuſe,
And langer not delay:

Then *Reaſon* raiſe and was rejoiſd;
Quod he myn hearts cum hidder,
I hope this Pley may be compoſd,
That we may gang togidder;
To all now I ſall now
His proper Place aſſign,
That they heir ſall ſay heir,
They think nane ather thing.

XCVII.

Comz on, quod he, Companzion, *Skill*,
Ze underſtand baith Gude and Ill,
In Phyſick ze are fyne,
Be Mediciner to the Man,
And ſchaw ſic Cunning as ze can,
To put him out of Pyne;
Firſt gaird the Grund of all his Grief
Quhat Sicknes ze ſuſpect,
Syn luk quhat laiks for his Relief,
Or furder he infeck.
Comfort him, exhort him,
Give him zour gude Advyce,
And pance not, nor ſkance not,
The Perril nor the Pryce.

XCVIII.

THOCH it be cummerſom quhat reck,
Find out the Cauſe by the Effect,
And working of his Veins;
Zit quhyle we grip it to the Grund,
Se firſt quhat Faſhion may be fund,
To pacifie his Pains:
Do quhat ze dow to haif him haile,
And for that Purpoſe preiſe,
Cut aff the Cauſe, the Effect maun fail,
See all his Sorrows ceiſe,
His Fever ſall nevir
Frae thenceforth haif a Forſs,
Then urge him to purge him,
He will not wax the warſe.

XCIX.

QUOTH *Skill*, his Sences are ſae ſick,
I knaw na Liquor worth a Leik
To quench his deidlie Drouth,
Except the Cherry Help his Heit,
Quhais ſappy Slokning ſharp and ſweit,
Micht melt into his Mouth,

And his Melancholy remuve,
To mitigate his Mynd,
Nane hailsomer for his behuve,
Nor of mair cooling Kynd.
Nae *Nectar* directar,
Could all the Gods him give,
Nor send him to mend him,
Nane lyke it I believe.

C.

For Drouth decays, as it digests;
Quhy then, quod *Reason*, naithing rests;
But how it may be had?
Maist trew, quod *Skill*, that is the Scope;
Zit we maun haif sum Help of *Hope*.
Quod *Danger* I am red,
His Hastyness bred us Mishap;
Quhen he is highlie horst;
I wiss we lukit or we lap.
Quod *Wit*, that wer not warst.
I mein now convein now
The Counsell ane and all,
Begin then gall in then;
Quod *Reason*, fae I fall.

CI.

THEN *Reaſon* raiſe with Geſture grave,
Belyve conveining all the lave,
To heir quhat they wald ſay,
With Silver Scepter in his Hand,
As Chiftain choſen to command,
And they bent to obey.
He panſed lang befoir he ſpak,
And in a ſtudie ſtude,
Syne he began and Silens brak
Cum on, quod he, conclude
Quhat Way now we may now
Zon Cherrie cum to catch,
Speik out Sirs, about Sirs,
Haif done, let us Diſpatch

CII.

QUOTH *Courage*, ſkurge him firſt that ſkars,
Much Muſing Memorie but mars,
I tell you myne intent.
Quod *Wit*, quha will not partlie paiſe,
In Perils perishes perchaiſe,
Owre rackles may repent.

Then, quod *Experience*, and ſpak,
Sir, I have ſein them baith,
In Braidieneſs and lye aback,
Eſcape and cum to ſkaith:
But quhat now of that now,
Sturt follows all Extreams;
Retain then the Mein then,
The ſureſt Way it ſeims.

CIII.

QUHAIR ſum has furderd, ſum has faild;
Quhair Part has periſht, Part prevaild,
Alyke all cannot luck;
Then owther venture with the ane,
Or with the uther let alane,
The Cherrie for to pluck.
Quod *Hope*, for Feir Folk maun not faſh,
Quod *Danger* let not licht:
Quod *Wit*, be nowther rude nor raſh;
Quod *Reaſon* ze haif Richt;
The Reſt then thocht beſt then,
Quhen Reaſon ſaid it ſae,
That roundlie and ſoundlie
They ſuld togidder gae.

CIV.

To get the Cherrie in all Haſt,
As for my Saftie ſerving maiſt,
Tho *Dreid* and *Danger* teird,
The Perril of that irkſom Way,
Leſt that thairby I ſould decay,
Quha then ſae weak appeird:
Zit *Hope* and *Courage* hard beſyde,
Quha with them wont contend,
Did tak in Hand us all to gyde,
Unto our Journeys end,
Implaidging and waidging
Baith twa thair Lyves for myne,
Provyding the Gyding
To them were granted ſyne.

CV.

Then *Dreid* and *Danger* did appeal
Alledging it could neir be weil,
Nor zit wald they agrie;
But ſaid they ſould ſound thair Retreit,
Becauſe they thocht them nae Ways meit,
Conducters unto me;

Nor to no man in myne Eſtate,
With Sickneſs ſair oppreſt;
For they tuke ay the neireſt Gate
Omitting of the beſt.
Thair neireſt perquiereſt,
Is always to them baith,
Quair they, Sir, may ſay, Sir,
Quhat recks them of zour ſkaith.

CVI.

But as for us twa now we ſwair
Be him befoir we maun appeir,
Our full Intent is now,
To haif ze hale, and always was,
That Purpoſe for to bring to paſs,
Sae is not thairs I trow;
Then *Hope* and *Courage*, did atteſt,
The Gods of baith theſe Parts,
Gif thy wrocht not all for the beſt
Of me with upricht Heart:
Our Chiftain then liftan
His Scepter did enjoyn
Nae moir thair uproir there;
And ſae there Stryfe was done.

CVII.

Rebuiking *Dreid* and *Danger* fair,
Suppose they meint weil evirmair
To me as they had sworn;
Becauſe thair Nibours they abuſit
In ſwa far as they had accuſit
Them, as ze hard beforn.
Did he not els, quod he, conſent
The *Cherrie* for to pou?
Quod *Danger*, we are weil content,
But zit the manner how;
We ſall now evin all now,
Get this *Man* with us thair,
It reſts then ands beſt then
Zour Counſell to declair

CVIII.

Whil ſaid, quod *Hope* and *Courage*, now
We thairto will accord with zou,
And ſall abyde by them;
Lyk as beſoir we did ſubmit,
Sae we repeit the ſamyn zit,
We mynd not to reclaim;

Quhome they ſall chuſe to gyde the Way,
We ſall them follow ſtraight,
And ſurder this Man, quhat we may,
Becauſe we haif ſae hecht;
Promitting, bot flitting,
To do the Thing we can,
To pleiſe baith, and eiſe baith
This ſilly ſickly Man.

CIX.

Quhen *Reaſon* heard this, then quod he,
I ſe zour chiefeſt ſtay to be,
That we haif namd nae Gyde:
The worthy Counſell hath therfoir,
Thocht gude that *Wit* ſuld gae befoir,
For Perrils to provyde.
Quod *Wit*, Ther is but ane of three,
Quhilk I ſall to ze ſchaw,
Quhairof the firſt twa cannot be,
For ony thing I knaw;
The Way heir ſae ſtey heir,
Is that we cannot clim,
Evin owre now, we four now,
That will be hard for him.

CX.

The next gif we gae doun about,
Quhyle that this Bend of Craigs rin out,
The Streim is thair ſae ſtark,
And alſo paſſeth waiding deip,
And Braider far than we dow leip,
It ſuld be ydle Wark;
It grows ay braider to the Sea,
Sen owre the Lin it came,
The rinning Deid dois ſignifie
The deipneſs of the ſame:
I leive now to deive now,
How that it ſwiftly ſlyds,
As ſleiping and creiping,
But Nature ſae provyds.

CXI.

Our Way then lyes about the Lin,
Quhairby I warrand we ſall win,
It is ſae ſtraight and plain,
The Watter alſo is ſae ſchald,
We ſall it paſs, evin as we wald,
With Pleſour and not Pain:

For as We ſe a Miſchief grow
Aft of a feckleſs Thing,
Sae lykways dois this River flow
Forth of a prettie Spring;
Quhois Tarot, Sir, I wot, Sir,
Ze may ſlap with zour Neive,
As zou, Sir, I trow, Sir
*Experience* can preive.

CXII.

That, quod *Experience*, I can,
And all ze ſaid ſen ze began,
I ken to be a Truth.
Quod *Skill*, The ſamyn I apruve;
Quod *Reaſon*, Then let us remuve,
And ſleip nae mair in Sleuth;
*Wit* and *Experience*, quod he,
Sall gae befoir a Pace,
The *Man* ſall cum with *Skill* and *me*
Into the ſecond Place
Attowre now zou Four now
Sall cum into a Band,
Proceiding and leiding
Ilk uther be the Hand.

CXIII.

As *Reason* ordert, all obeyd,
Nane was owre raſch, nane was affrayd,
Our counſell was ſae *wyſe*,
As of our *Journey*, *Witt* did note,
We fand it trew in ilka Jot,
God bleſs the Enterpryſe:
For evin as we came to the Tree,
Quhilk as ze heard me tell,
Could not be clum thair ſuddenlie,
The Fruit, for Ryptneſs, fell;
Quhilk haiſting and taiſting,
I fand myſelf relievd
Of Cairs all and Sairs all
That mynd and Body grievd.

CXIV.

Praise be to God my Lord thairfoir,
Quha did myne Helth to me reſtoir,
Being ſae lang Tyme pynd;
And bleſſed be his haly Name,
Quha did frae Deith to Lyfe reclaim,
Me quha was ſae unkynd.

All Nations alſo magnifie.
This evirliving LORD,
Let me with zou, and zou with me,
To laud Him ay accord;
Quhois Luve ay we preve ay
To us abune all Things,
And kiſs Him and bliſs Him,
Quhois Glore eternall rings.

*FINIS.*

# THE

## *Justing and Debate up at the* Doun.

## *Betwixt* William Adamson *and* John Sym.

I.

THE Grit Debate and Turnament
Of Truth nae Tongue can tell,
Was for a lusty Lady gent,
Betwixt twa Fricks sae fell;
For *Mars* the God armipotent
Was not sae ferls himsell,
Nor *Hercules*, that Aiks uprent,
And dang the Deil of Hell
With Horns that Day.

II.

Doubtleſs was not ſic duchty Deids
Amangſt the dowſy Peirs
Nor zit nae Clerk in ſtory reids
Of ſae triumphand Weirs;
To ſe how ſtoutly on their ſteids,
The ſtalwart Knychtis ſteirs
Quhyle Bellics bair with brodding bleids
With Spurs as ſcherp as Breirs,
And kene that Day.

III

Up at the *Doun* the Day was ſet,
And fixed was the Feild,
Quher baith thir noble Chiftains met
Enarmit under Shield;
They wer ſae haſty and ſae het,
That nane of them wad zield,
But to debait or be doun bait,
And in the Quarrel kield,
Or ſtane that Day.

IV.

THERE was ane better and ane werſe,
I wald that it were wittin,
For *Wiiliam* wichtar was of Corſe
Than *Sym*, and better knittin.
*Sym* ſaid, He ſat nocht by his Forſe,
But hecht he ſuld be hittin,
And he micht counter *Will* on Horſe,
For *Sym* was better ſittin
Nor *Will* that Day.

V.

To ſee the Stryve came Zonkers ſtont,
And mony a galziart Man,
All Dainties deir was thair bot Dout,
The Wyne on broch it ran:
Trumpetts and Schalms with a Schout,
Play'd or the Rink began,
And equal Juges ſat about
To ſee quha tint or wan
The Field that Day.

VI.

WITH twa blunt Truncher-Speirs ſquair,
It was their Interprife,
To fecht with baith their Faces bair,
For luve as is the Gyfe;
A Friend of theirs, throu hap came thair,
And heard the Roumor, ryſe,
He ſtall away their Stings baith clair,
And hid in ſecret Wayes,
For Skaith that Day.

VII.

STRANG Men of Armes and miekle Micht,
Wer ſet them for to furdir:
The Harald cryd, God ſchaw the richt,
Syn bad them go togidder.
Quhair is my Speir? ſays *Sym* the Knicht,
Sum Man go bring it hidder;
But wald they tarry thair all nicht,
Thair Launces cam too lidder
And ſlaw that Day.

VIII.

*I'M* ſlew as fery as a Fown,
Down frae the Horſe he ſlaid,
ys, He ſall rew my Saff has ſtown,
For I ſall be his Deid.
*Villiam* his Vow plicht to the Powin,
For Favour or for Feid,
ls gude the Trie had nevir grown,
Quherof my Speir was maid
To juſt this Day.

IX.

Their Vows now maid to Sune and Mune,
They raikit baith to reſt,
Them to refreſch with their Disjune,
And aff their Armour kiſt;
Not knawing of the Deid was done,
Quhen they ſuld haif fawn beſt,
The Fyre was piſcht out lang or Nune,
Their Denner ſuld haif dreſt,
And dicht up at the *Doun* that Day.

X.

THEN wer they movit out of Mynd,
Far mair than of Inferne,
They wist not how to get him pynd,
That them had driven to Scorn:
Ther was nae Death micht be devysd,
But braid Aiths haif they sworn,
He suld deir Buy be they had dyrnd,
And ban that he was born,
Up at the *Doun* that Day.

XI.

THEN to *Dalkieth* they maid them bouns,
Reid-wod of this Reproach,
Thair was baith Wyne and Venison,
And Barrells ran on brotch.
They band up Kyndnes in that Toun,
Nane frae his Feir to fetch,
For there was nowthes Lad nor Loun
Micht eat a Bakin-bouch
For Fownds, up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XII.

YNE after Denner raise the Din,
And all the Toun on Stair,
*Villiam* was wyse and held him in,
For he was in a Feir.
*Sym* to haif Bargain could not blin,
But bukkit *Will* on Weir,
ays, Gif thou wald this Lady win,
Cum furth and break a Speir
With me, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIII.

THUS still for Bargin *Sym* abydes,
And schoutit *Will* to Schame,
*Vill* saw his Faes on baith the Sydes,
Full sair he dred for Blame;
*Vill* schortly to his Horse he slydes
And says to *Sym* be Name,
etter we baith were beyond Hydes
And Wedder Skins at home,
Nor here, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XIV.

Now is the Grume that was ſae grim
Richt glad to live in Lie,
Fy, thief, for Schame, cryes litle *Sym*,
Wilt thou not fecht with me!
Thou art mair large of Lyth and Lim,
Nor I am be ſic thrie:
And all the Field cryd, Fy on him,
Sae cowardly tuke the Flie
For Feir up at *Dalkieth* that Day.

XV.

Then every Man gave *Will* a Mock,
And ſaid he was owre mick.
Says *Sym*, Send for thy Brither *Jock*,
I ſall not be to ſick;
For were ze fourſum in a Flock,
I compt ze not a Leik,
Tho I had naithing but a Rok
To gar zour Rumples reik
Behind, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVI.

THERE was richt nocht but haif and gae,
With Lauchter loud they leuch,
Quhen they ſaw *Sym* ſic Courage tae,
And *Will* mak it ſae teuch:
*Sym* lap on Horſe-back lyk a Rae,
And ran him till a Heuch,
Says, *William*, cum ryde down this Brae,
Thocht ze ſuld brek a Beugh,
For Lufe, up at *Dalkieth* this Day.

XVII.

SYNE down the Brae *Sym* braid lyke Thunder
And bad *Will* follow faſt;
To Grund, for Feircenes, he did ſunder,
Be he Mid-hill, had paſt,
*William* ſaw *Sym* in ſic a Blunder,
To gae he was agaſt;
For he affeird, it was nae Wonder
His Curſour ſuld him caſt,
And hurt him up at *Dalkieth*, that Day

XVIII.

Then all the Zonkers had him nield,
Or doun the Glen to gang;
Sum cryd the Couard suld be kield.
Sum doun the Cleuch they thrang;
Sum ruschd, sum rumbled, and sum nield,
Sum be the Bewis hic hang:
Thair Avers fyld up all the Field,
They were sae fou and pang,
With Eise up at *Dalkieth* that Day

XIX.

Then jelly *Jake* came in a jak,
To Field quhair he was laid it,
Abune his Brand a Buckler black,
Bail fell the Bairn that baid it;
He slipit swiftly to the Stak,
And rudly doun he raid it,
Before his Curpall was a Crak,
Could nae Man tell quha maid it,
For Lauchter up at *Dalkieth* that day.

## XX.

Be than the Bougil gan to blaw,
For Nicht had them owretane:
Alace, ſaid *Sym*, for faut of Law,
That Bargin get I nane.
Thus hame with mony a Crack and Flaw
They paſſed every ane,
Syne partit at the *Potter-Raw*,
And ſindry Gaits are gane,
To reſt them within the Town that Nicht.

## XXI.

This *Will* was he beguild the *May*,
And did hir Marriage ſpill;
He promiſt hir to let him play,
Hir purpoſe to fulfill;
Frae ſcho fell fow, he fled away,
And came nae mair hir till;
Quherfore he tint the Feild that Day,
And tuke him to a Mill,
To hyde him as Coward falſe of Fay.

*Finis quod* Scot.

## *On MAY*

I.

MAY is a Month maiſt amene
For them in *Venus* Service bene,
To recreate their heavy Hearts:
*May* cauſes Courage frae the Splene,
And evry Thing in *May* reverts.

II.

In *May* the pleaſant Spray upſprings,
In *May* the mirthful Mavis ſings,
And now in *May* to maidens falls,
With Tymmer Wechts to trip and Rings,
And to play Upcoil with the Balls.

III.

In *May* gois Gallants bring in Symmer,
And trymmly occupy their Tymmer,
With hunt up evry Morning Plaid:
In *May* gois Gentlewoman gymmer,
In Gardens grene their Grumes to glade.

IV.

In *May* quhen Men zied everichone,
With *Robene Heid* and *Littil-John*,
To bring in Bows and birkin Bobbyns;
Now all ſic Game is faſtlings, gone
But gif it be amangs clovin *Robbyns*.

V.

Abbotts by Rule, and Lords bot Reaſon,
Sic Senzeors Tymes owreweil this Seaſon,
Upon thair Vyce war lang to waik;
Quhen falſit Feibleneſs and Treaſon,
Has rung thryſs owre this Zodiack.

VI.

In *May* begins the Gowk to gail;
In *May* Deir draw to Doun and Dale,
In *May* Men Mells with Fanynie,
And Ladys meit their Luviars leil,
Quhen *Phebus* is in *gemini*.

VII.

Butter, new Cheiſe, and Beir in *May*.
Coonans, Cockles, Cruds and Whey,
Lapſters, Lempets, Muſſels in Shells,
Greinleiks, and all ſic Men may ſey,
Suppoſe ſum of them ſourly ſmells.

VIII.

In *May* grit Men within thir Bounds,
Sum halks the Walters, ſum with Hounds,
The Hares out throw the Foreſt eatches,
Syne after them thair Ladeis Sounds,
To ſcent the Ryaning of the Ratchet.

IX.

In *May* frank Archers will affix
Ane Place to meit, ſyne Marrows mix,
To ſchute at Butts, at Banks and Brais,
At Revers ſum, ſum at the Prikks,
Sum laich and to beneth the Clais.

X.

In *May* Men of Amours ſuld gae
To ſerve their Ladies and nae mae;
Sen thair Relief in Ladies lyes;
For ſum may cum in Favour ſae,
To kiſs their Luve on *Buchan* Wayes.

XI.

In *May* gois Damoſells and Dams
In Gardens grein to play lyke Lamms;
Sum at the Bars imbrace like Billers;
Sum rin at Barlabrieks like Rams,
Sum round about the ſtanding Pillars.

XII.

In *May* gois Maidens till *La Reit*,
And hes their Mynzeons on the Streit,
To horse them quhair the Gate is ruch:
Sum at *Inchbuckling-brae* they meit,
Sum in the Mids of *Musslebrugh*.

XIII.

So *May* and all thir Moneths three,
Are het and dry in thair Degrie;
Therefore ye wanton Men in Zouth,
For Health of Body now haif ze,
Not aft to mell with *thankles Mouth*.

XIV.

Sen every Pastyme is at Pleasure,
I counsell you to sport with Measure,
And namely now *May*, *June* and *July*,
Dolyt not lang in Luvers Leasure,
But weit your Lipps and labour huly.

*Quod* ALEX. SCOT.

# JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM ſpeiks of Lords, ſum ſpeiks of Lairds,
And ſicklike men of hie Degrie,
Of a Gentleman I ſing a Sang,
Sumtyme calld Laird of *Gilnockie.*

THE King he wrytes a luving Letter
With his ain Hand ſae tenderly,
And he hath ſent it to *Johny Armſtrang,*
To cum and ſpeik with him ſpeidily.

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This is the true old Ballad, never printed before, of the famous *John Armſtrang* of *Gilnockhall* in *Liddiſdale*, a Head of a numerous Clan and Faction, who uſed to paſs over in Troops to *England*, making continual Incurſions, and taking much Plunder in the bordering Parts. See an Account of his being taken and executed, with many of his Followers (in his own Country, not contending with his Prince at *Edinburgh*, as the vulgar Ballad falſly narrates) in *Buchanan*'s Hiſtory of *JAMES* the Vth, about the Year 1530. This I copied from a Gentleman's Mouth of the Name of *Armſtrang*, who is the 6th Generation from this *John*. He tells me this was ever eſteemed the genuine Ballad the common one, falſe.

THE *Elliots* and *Armſtrangs* did convene;
They were a gallant Company,
Weil ryde and meit our lawfull King,
And bring him ſafe to *Gilnockie*.
MAKE Kinnen and Capon ready then,
And Veniſon in great Plenty,
Weill welcome Hame our Royal King,
I hope heil dyne at *Gilnockie*.

THEY ran their Horſe on the *Langum Hewn*,
And brake their Speirs with mekle main;
The Ladys lukit frae their loft Windows,
*GOD bring our Men weil back again.*
QUHEN *Johny* came before the King,
With all his men ſo brave to ſee,
The King he movit his Bonnet to him
He weind he was a King as well as He.

MAY I find Grace, my Sovereign Liege,
Grace for my loyal Men and me;
For my Name it is *Johny Armſtrang*
And Subject of zours, my Liege, ſaid he.

*Away, away, thou Traytor Strang,*
*Out of my Sicht thou mayst nane be,*
*I grantit nevir a Traytors Lyfe,*
*And now I'll not begin with thee.*

GRANT me my Lyfe my Liege, my King,
And a bony Gift I will give to thee,
Full Four and Twenty Milk whyt Steids,
Were a foald in a Zeir to me.
I'll gie thee all these Milk whyt Steids,
That prance and nicher at a Speir,
With as mekle gude *Inglis* Gilt,
As four of their braid Backs dow beir.

*Away, away thou Traytor, &c.*

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King,
And a bony gift I'll gie to thee,
Gude Four and twenty ganging Mills,
That gang throw a the Zeir, to me.
These four and twenty Mills complete,
Sall gang for thee throw all the Zeir,
And as mekle of gude reid Quheit,
As all thair Happers dow to beat.

*Away, away thou Trayter.* &c.

GRANT me my Lyfe, my Liege, my King
And a great Gift I'll gie to thee,
Bauld Four and Twenty Siſters Sons,
Sall for thee fecht tho all ſould flee.

*Away, away thou Trayter*, &c.

GRANT me myLyfe, my Liege, my King
And a brave gift I'll gie to thee;
All betwene heir and *Newcaſtle* Town,
Sall pay thair zeirly Rent to thee.

*Away, away thou Trayter*, &c.

ZE leid, ze leid now, King, he ſays,
Althocht a King and Prince ze be;
For I luid naithing in all my Lyfe,
I dare well ſayit but honeſty:
But a fat Horſe and a fair Woman,
Twa bony Dogs to kill a Deir;
But *Ingland* ſuld haif found me Meil and Malt,
Gif I had livd this hundred Zeir.

SCHO ſuld haif fund me Meil and Malt,
And Beif and Mutton in all Plentie;
But neir a *Scots* Wyfe could haif ſaid,
That eir I Skaithd her a pure Flie.
To ſeik het Water beneth cauld Yce,
Surely it is a great Folie;
I haif aſked Grace at a graceles Face,
But there is nane for my Men and me.

BUT had I kend or I came frae Hame,
How thou unkind wadſt bene to me.
I wad haif kept the Border Syde.
In ſpyte of all thy Force and thee.
Wiſt *Englands* King that I was tane,
O gin a blyth Man wald he be;
For anes I ſlew his Siſters Son,
And on his Breiſt-bane brak a tree.

*JOHN* wore a Girdle about his Midle,
Imbroidred owre with burning Gold,
Beſpangled with the ſame Mettle,
Maiſt beautifull was to behold.

Ther hang nine Targats at *Johnys* Hat,
And ilka an worth three hundred Pound
*What wants that Knave that a King ſuld haif,*
*But the Sword of Honour and the Crown.*

*O quhair gat thou theſe Targats*, Johnie,
*That blink ſae brawly abune thy Brie?*
I gat them in the Field fechting
Quher cruel king, thou durſt not be.
Had I my horſe and my Harneſs gude,
And Ryding as I wont to be,
It ſould haif bene tald this hundred Zeir,
The Meiting of my King and me.

God be withee, *Kirſty*, my Brither,
Lang live thou Laird of *Mangertoun*;
Lang mayſt thou dwell on the Border-Syde,
Or thou ſe thy Brither ryde up and doun,
And God be withee, *Kirſty*, my Son,
Quhair thou ſits on thy Nurſes Knee;
But and thou live this Hundred Zeir.
Thy fathers better thoult never be.

FARWEIL, my bony *Gilnockhall*,
Quhair on *Eſk* ſyde thou ſtandeſt ſtout,
Gif I had leived but ſeven Zeirs mair,
I wald haif gilt thee round about.
*John* murdred was at *Carlinrigg*,
And all his galant Companie;
But *Scotlands* Heart was never ſae wae,
To ſee ſae mony brave Men die.

BECAUSE they ſavd their Country deir
Frae *Engliſhmen*; nane were ſae bauld,
Quhyle *Johnie* livd on the Border-ſyde,
Nane of them durſt cum neir his Hald.

*Of heidſtrang Zouth ill to command,*
*Advyſd to keip a Hank in Hand.*

O Gallants all, I cry and call,
Keip Strenth, quhyle that ze haif it,
Repent ze fall, quhan ze are thrall,
Frae Tyme the Dub be lavit.
With wanton Zouth tho' ze be cowth,
With Courage hie on loft;
Suppoſe great Drouth cum in zour Mouth,
Beware drink not owre aft.

Tak but a Liſt, ſuppoſe ze thrift,
Zour Mouth at Leaſure cule,
Zour Mynd ſolift weil to reſiſt,
Langer leſts Zeir than Zule.

Tho ze ryd ſaft, caſt not owre aft
Zour Speir into the Reiſt,
With Stuff uncoſt, ſet upon loſt,
*Enouch is even a Feiſt.*

In *Cupids* Grace ſuppoſe ze trace,
Thinkand zour ſell abune,
Ze may percaſe caſt *Daweis* Ace,
And ſae be lotchit ſune.
Frae Tyme ze ſtank into the Bank,
And Drypoynt cumis in Play;
Ze tyne the Thank, Man, hald a Hank,
Or all be paſt away.

Frae thou rin tume, as I preſume,
Thou has baith Skaith and Scorn,
Thee to conſume with Fyre alume,
That Bourd may be forborn.
Far in that Play, I ſuthly ſay,
Gude Will is not allowit;
Gif thou nocht may gae Way, gae Way,
Then art thou all forhowit,

CONSIDERANCE has no Luvance,
Frae thou be bair thairben,
At that Semblance, is no Pleſance,
Quhen pithles grows thy Pen.
Quhen thou has done thy Det abune
Forfochten in the Feild,
Scho will ſay, ſune get thee an Spune.
*Adieu*, baith Speir and Sheild.

FRAE thou inlaiks to lay on Straiks,
Frae Hyne, my Son *adieu*;
That thy Roum vaiks, an uther takes
That Solace to perſue.
Quhyle Brauns are big, abune to lig,
Gude is in time to ceiſe:
To tar and tig. ſyne Grace to thig,
That is a pityous Preis.

THEREFORE bewar, hald thee on far,
Sic Chafwair for to prys,
To tig and tar, then get the War,
It is ill Merchandyſe.

Mak thou nae Vaut, owre aft to haut
In Places dern thair doun,
Frae Tyme thou want, that Stuff is ſcant
To borrow in the Toun.

Few Honour wins into that Inns,
For ſhuiting at the Schells,
Out of zour Shins the Subſtance rins,
They get no Gerzell Ells
In Tyme let be, I counſell thee,
Uſe not that offerand Stok;
Quhen thee they ſee, they bleir thyne Ee,
And mak at thee a Mok.

Tho thou ſuppoſe haif at thy Chois,
I red thee for the Nains;
Keip Stuff in Poſe, tyne not thy hois,
Wair not all in that wains.
Frae Tyme ſcho ſee under thyne Ee,
The Brawn away it munts:
Thy Game and Glee gains nocht for thee,
Thou maun let be ſic Hunts,

FRAE thou luke cheſt, *adieu* that Faiſt,
To hunt into that Schaw,
Quhen on that Beiſt at thy requieſt,
Thy Kennets will not kaw.
Within that Stoup frae Tyme thou ſowp,
And Wirdis to be ſweir,
And makes a Stop, when they ſould hop,
*Adieu* the Thriſſil deir.

THERFORE albeit thy Hounds haif ſpeid
To rin owre aft let be,
In thy maiſt Neid ſometyme bot Dreid,
They will rebuted be;
Owre aft to hound in uncouth Ground,
Thou may tak up unbatit:
Therefore had bound thocht ſcho be found,
Or dreid thy Dogs be ſlaitit.

SCHO is not ill that ſitteth ſtidl,
Perſewed in the Sait,
That Beiſt ſcho will give thee thy fill,
Till thou be even Chakmait.

Suppoſe thou range owre all the *Grange*,
And ſeik baith Syke and Sewch;
Still will ſcho menge, and make it ſtrenge
And give thee even enuech.

THERWITH advyſe, ſuppoſe ſcho ryſe,
Laich underneth thy Fute;
But be thou wyſe, ſcho will ſurpriſe
Thy Hounds and them rebute
In Tyme abyde, the Fields are wyde,
I counſell thee, gude Bruther;
Ill is the Gyde that fails bot Tyde,
Syne rackleſs is the Ruther.

HUNTERS, adieu, gif ze perſue
To hunt at Evry Beiſt,
Ze will it rew, ther is anew,
Thairto haif ze no haſte.
With an O and an I, ze Hunters all and Sum
Quhen beſt is Play, paſs hame away,
Or Dreid, War after cum.

*Quod* BALNEVIS

*The blate Luvair that fain wad, but feirs to ſpeik.*

I.

MY Heart is loſt only for luve of one.
For Laik of Speich, and all for Shameſulneſs,
I dare not ſpeik my purpoſe to propone,
Nor Wat not how my purpoſe I ſall dreſs;
Speik I till hir and ſcho be mercyleſs,
And denzie not again to ſpeik to me,
Then haif I tint my ſpeiking mair and leſs,
And unſped Speich had better unſpoken be.

II.

I dare not ſpeik for Dreid that ſcho diſpyt
My rural Terms, and ſay I do but raif,
And ſpeik I not unto my Lady quhyte,
Withouten Speich hir Luve I cannot haif:
But gif I ſpeik, quhat can I of hir craif?
I ſpare to ſpeik for laik of Eloquence;
O couth ſcho without Speich my Synis perſaif,
I wald nocht ſpeik to her Magnificens.

III.

FAIN wald I ſpeik, gif Speiking micht avail,
Gif ſcho for ſpeich wald ſpeik to me again:
I ſpare to ſpeik for ſpilling of my Tale,
Then I my ſpeiking ſpendit Haif in vain:
To ſpeik and ſpeid not is an leſtand Pain.
How ſall I ſpeik? I dare not ſpeik for Dreid;
Be it gude or ill, ſcho ſpeiks to me again,
Zit ſall I ſpeik, unſpoken can nocht ſpeid.

IV.

QUHAT ſall I ſpeik, ſen I maun ſpeik on forſs
To hir that is of ſpeich maiſt eloquent?
Then I ſall ſpeik, how that my cairful Corſs
Throw laik of Speich tholes Day and Hour torment
Cauſe I cannot tell hir my hail Intent,
For want of Speich and ornat Termis plain,
Beſeiking hir with ſpeiking reverent,
That ſcho wald ſpeik to comfort me again.

*Quod* STEWART.

## *LUVE a Leveler.*

I.

LUVE pryſis, bot Compariſon,
The Gentill and the Sempill all,
And of free-will gives Wareſon,
As Fortune chances to befall;
For Luve maks nobill Ladyis thrall
To baſer Men of Birth and Blude,
Sae Luve gars ſobir Women ſmall
Find Favour with grit Men of Gude.

II.

FIRM Luve for Favour, Feir or Feid,
Of rich nor pure to ſpeik ſuld ſpair;
For Luve to Hienes hes nae Heid,
Nor lichtſys lawlines ane Hair,
But puts all perſons in compair;
This Proverb plainly for to pruve,
That Men and Women, Leſs and mair,
Ar cumd of *Adam* and of *Eve*.

III.

Sae thocht my Liking wer a Lady,
And I nae Lord, zit nocht the leſs,
Scho Suld my Service fynd als redy,
As Duke to Dutches docht him dreſs,
For as hie Princely Luve expreſs,
Is to haif Soverenitie,
Sae Service cums of Simpilneſs,
And lieleſt Luve of law Degrie.

IV.

So Luvairs Lair no Leid ſuld lak,
A Lord to luve a ſempill Laſs,
A Lady als for Luve to tak
Ane proper Page hir Tym to paſs;
For quhy, as bricht bene birniſt Braſs,
As Silver wrocht in all Devyce,
And als gude drinking out of Glaſs
As Gold, thocht Gold gife gritter Pryce.

*Quod* Scot.

## *The Floure of Womanheid.*

I.

THOU Well of Vertew, Floure of Womanheid
And Patroneſs of hevinly Patiens,
Lady of Lawty baith in word and Deid,
Sobir, ſerene, full of Meik eloquens,
Baith gude and fair to zour Magnificens
I recommend, as I haif done befoir.
My ſempill Heart for now and evirmoir.

II.

FOR evirmoir I ſall zou Service mak,
Sen, as befoir, into my Mynd I made,
Sen firſt I knew zour Ladyſchip, bot Lak,
All Bewtie, zouth and Womanheid ze had,
Withouten Reſt my Heart couth not evade.
Thus am I zours, and ay ſenſyne haif bene
Commandit therto by zour twa fair Ene.

III.

Zour twa fair Ene maks me aft ſyis to ſing,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me to ſich alſo,
Zour twa fair Ene maks me grit comforting,
Zour twa fair Ene is Wyt of all my Wo,
Zour twa fair Ene will not ane Heart let go,
But links him faſt that gets a Sicht of them
Of every Vertue bricht ze beir the Name.

IV.

Ze beir the Name of Gentilneſs of Blude,
Ze beir the Name, that mony for ze dies,
Ze beir the Name, ze are baith fair and gude,
Ze beir the Name of every Sweit can pleis,
Ze beir the Name, Fortune and zou agreis,
Ze beir the Name of Lands of lenth and breid,
The Well of Vertew and Floure of Womanheid.

## Donald Owyres *Epitaph.*

I.

IN Vyce maist vicious to excelle,
That with the Vyce of Treasoun mells,
Thocht he Remission
Haif for Prodition
Schame and Suspition
Ay with him dwells.

II.

He evir odious as an Howle,
The Falt sae filthy is and foul,
Horrible to Nature
Is an Traytour,
As Feynd in *Exeter*
Undir a Cowl.

III.

QUHA is a Traytour or a Theif,
Upon himſell turns the Miſchief;
His fraudfull Wylis
Himſell begylis,
As in the Ylis
Is now a Preif.

IV.

THE fell ſtrong Traytour *Donald Owyr*,
Mair Falſet had nor udir four,
Round Ylis and Seis,
In his Suplies,
On Gallow Treis,
Zit dois he glowir.

V.

FALSET nae Feit hes, nor Defens
Be Practick, Powir nor Puſſiens
Thocht it frae Licht
Be ſmoird frae Sicht,
GOD ſchawis the Richt
With ſoir Vengens.

VI.

The fals Fox diſſimulator
And ſilka Theif and Traytour,
After Reſpyte
To mak Deſpyte,
Mair Apptyte
He has of Nature.

VII.

Wer the Tod tane a Thouſand Faud,
And Grace him given as aft for Fraud;
Wer he on Plane,
All wer in vain,
Frae Henns again
Micht nane him had

VIII.

The Murtherer ay Murther mais,
And ay till he be ſlane he ſlays;
Wyvis thus mak Mokks
Spynand on Roks.
Ay rynns the Fox
Quhyle he Fute hes.

*Quod* Dunbar.

## COMPARISONE.

THE Bramble growis, althocht it be obscure,
Quhlys Montane Cedris tholes the bousteous Winds.
And myld *Plebyan* Spirits may leif lesure,
Quhlys michty Tempestis tosis Imperial Mynds.

## *The* Solsequium, *or the Lover compairing himself to the Sun-Flowir.*

I.

LYK as the dum *Solsequium* with Cair owrecum
Dois sornow, quhen the sun gois out of sight
Hings doun his Heid, and droupis as deid, and will not spreid,
But luiks his Levis throw Langour all the Nicht,
Till fulisch *Phaetus* aryse with Quhip in Hand
To purge the Christal Skyis, and lichs the Land.
Birds in thair Bower wait on that Hour,
And to thair King ane glade Gudemorrow gives,
Frae than that Flowir lists not to lour,
But lauchs on *Phebus* lowsing out his Leivs.

II.

Swa ſtands with me, except I be quhair I may ſe
My Lamp of Licht, my Lady and my Love,
Frae ſche depairts a thouſand Dairts in ſindry Airts,
Thirle thruch my heavy Heart, bot Reſt or Rov
My Countenance declairs my inward Grief,
And Howp almaiſt diſpairs to find Releif.
I die I dwyne, Play dois me pyne,
I loth on every Thing I luke, allace!
Till *Titian* myne upon me ſchyne,
That I revive thruch Favour of hir Face.

III.

Frae ſcho appeir, into hir Sphere begins to cleir.
The Dawing of my lang deſyrit Day,
Then Courage crys on Howp to ryſe, quhen he eſpyis
The noyſum Nicht of Aſtens went away;
No Noyis, frae I awake, can me impeſche,
But on my ſtaitly Stalk I flouriſche freſche,
I ſpring, I ſprout, my Levis ly out,
My Collour changis in an hairtſum Hew;
Na mair I lout, but ſtand up ſtout,
As glad of hir for quhome I only grew.

IV.

O happy Day! go not away, *Apollo* ſtay
Thy Chair frae going doun unto the Weſt,
Of me thou mak thy *Zodiak*, that I may tak
My pleſour to behald quhome I luve beſt.
Thy Preſens me reſtoris to Lyfe from Deth,
Thy Abſens lykways ſchoris to cut my Breth;
I wiſs in vain thee to remain,
Sen *primum mobile* ſays me always nay,
At leiſt they Wane bring ſune again,
Farewell with Patiens *per* Forſs till day.

*Quod* MONTGOMERY.

## *The First* PSCHALME.

I.

WEIL is the Man,
Zea blisit than,
Be Grace that can,
Eschew ill Counsale and the godless Gaits,
Quha walks not in
The way of Sin,
Nor dois begin
To sit with Mokkaris in thair schamefull Saits.
But in JEHOVAHS Law
Delyts aricht,
And studys it to knaw
Baith Day and Nicht.
That Man sall be lyke to an Tre
That plantit by the ryning River grows,
Quhilk Fruit dois beir in Tyme of Zeir,
Quhais Levis sall nevir fade, nor Rute unlowse.

II.

His actions all
Ay proſper ſall:
So ſall not fall
To wicket Men; but as the Calf and Sand
Quhilk Day by Day
Winds dryve away:
Thairfore I ſay
The wicket in thair Judgment ſall not ſtand,
Nor Sinners cum nae mair,
Quhom GOD diſdains,
In the Aſſembly quhair
The Juſt remains.
For quhy? The LORD quha beirs Record
He Knaws the richteous Converſation ay,
But godles Gaits, quhilk he ſo haits,
Sall quickly perreiſs, and bot Dout decay.

## *The Twenty third* PSCHALME.

I.

THE Lord maiſt hie,
I knaw Will be,
An hird to me,
I cannot lang haif Streſs, nor ſtand in Neid;
He makes my lair,
In Feilds Maiſt fair,
Quhair I bot cair,
Repoſing at my Pleaſure ſafely feid.
He ſweitly me convoyis
To pleiſand Springs,
Quhair naething me anoyis,
But pleaſour brings;
He brings my Mynd, fit to ſic Kynd,
That Forſs or Feir of Fae cannot me grieve:
He dois me leid in perfyt Freid,
And for his Name he will me nevir leive.

II.

THOCHT I wald ſtray,
Ilk Day by Day,
In deidly Way,
Zit will not I diſpair, I feir none ill;
For quhy thy Grace,
In every Place,
Dois me imbrace,
Thy rod and Shiphirds Cruke comfort me ſtill.
In diſpyt of my Foes.
My Tabill grows,
Thou balmis my Heid with Joy
My Cup owreflows.
Kyndneſs and Grace, Mercy and Peice,
Sall follow me for all my wretched Days,
And me convoy to endleſs Joy
In Hevin, quhair I ſall be with thee always.

*Theſe two Pſchalmes quod* MONTGOMERY.

## *A Diſcription of Pedder Coſſes their having no Regard to Honeſty in their Vocation.*

I.

IT is my Purpoſe to diſcryve
This holy perfyte Genologie
Of Pedder Knaves ſuperlative,
Pretendand to Authoritie,
That wate of nocht but beggartie:
Ze Burges Sons, prevene thir Louns,
That wald diſtroy Nobilitie,
And baneiſs it all Borrows Towns.

II.

THEY are declairt in ſeven Parts,
Ane ſtroppit Coſſe, quhen he Begins,
Ay ſornand all and ſindry arts,
To buy up Hens reidwod he rins;
Syne locks them up into his Inns,
Waiting a Derth, and ſells their Eggs,
Regretandly on them he winns,
And ſecondly his Meit he beggs.

III.

ANE Swyngeor Coffe amangſt the Wyves,
In Landwart dwells with ſubtile Meins,
Exponand to them auld Saints Lives,
And ſains them with Deid Mens Bains;
Like *Rome* rakers with awſterne Greins,
Speikand Cur lyke ilk an till uther,
Peipand puirly with Pityous Manes,
Lyke fenzeit *Symmie* and his Brother

IV.

THIR curriſh Coffes that ſails owre ſume,
And Thretieſum about a Pack,
With bair blew Bonnets and hobled Shune,
And Beir Bannocke with them they tak,
The ſchameleſs Shrews. GOD gie them lak,
At Nune quhen Merchants make guid Cheir,
Steil doun and ly behind a Sack,
Drinkand but Dreggs and barmy Beir.

V.

KNAVATICK Coffe, miſkens himſell,
Quhen he gets on a furrit Goun;
But *Luciſer* the Laird of Hell,
Is not leſs haly than that Loun;

As he cumes brankand throw the Toun,
With his Keis clinkand on his Arme,
That Calf-Clovis futted fleid Custroun,
Will wed nane but a Burges Bairn.

VI.

Ane Dyvour Coffe, that Worry-Hen,
Distroys the Honour of our Nation,
Taks Guids a frist frae fremit Men,
And breaks with them his Obligation,
Quhilks dois our Merchants Defamation,
They are reprievt for that Regratour;
Therefore we give our Declaration
To hang and draw that common Traytour

VII.

A curleous Coffe, that Hega-Seraper,
He sits at hame quhen that they bake;
That Pedder Bryhour, that Sheip-keipar,
He tells them ilk ane Cake by Cake
Syne Locks them up, and taks a Faik
Betwixt his Doublet and his Jacket,
And eits them in the Buith that Smaik,
Ill than he mort into a Rakket.

VIII.

A Codroch Coſſe, he is owre rich,
And hes nae Hap his Gude to ſpend,
But lives lyke ony wariet Wretch,
And treſts never till take an End,
With Falſheid ever does him defend,
Proceiding ſtill in Avarice,
And leaves his Saul nae gude Commend,
But walks a wilſome Way I wiſs.

IX.

I zou exhort all that this beir,
And raids this Bill, ze wald it ſchaw
Unto the Provoſt, and him require,
That he would give thir Coſſes the Law,
And baniſh them the Burges Raw;
And to the Shoe-ſtreit gar them ſten,
Syne cut their Lugs that we may knaw
Thir Pedder Knaifs be Burges Men.

*Quod* LINDSAY.

## *The fyne Advyce* Jock *gied his Ded. Zeil ken qhuen ze thir Lynes haif red.*

JOCK quod his Ded, quhat will me eiſy make?
With ſtanding my Legs tyre, and quhen I kneil
My Kneis are pynd, ganging gars my Feit ake;
Lying irks my Back, and gif I ſit I feil
My Hipps ar hurt; and lein I neir ſae weil,
My Elbuck ſmarts——Quod *Jock, Pain to exyle*
*Since all theſe eiſe not, beſt ein hing a quhyle.*

## *A N S W E R.*

I Thank ze, *Jock*, for zour advyce,
My kyndly Cock, I thank ze. *Jock*,
Weil have ze ſpoke and councild nyce;
I thank ze, *Jock*, for zour advyce.

## The Ballat of the Reid-Squair, fought in 7th July 1576.

I.

ON *July* seventh, the Suthe to say,
At the *Reid-Squair* The Tryst was set,
Our Wardens they affixt the Day,
And as they promist, sae they met:
Allace! that Day I'll neir forzet,
Was sure sae feird, and then sae fain,
They came ther Justice for to get,
Will nevir grein to cum again.

II.

*CARMICHAELL* was our Warden then,
He causit the Countrey to convene,
And the Laird *Watt*, that worthy Man,
Brocht in his Surname weil be sene:
The *Armstrangs* that ay baif bene
A hardy House, but not a hail;
The *Eliots* Honours to mentain,
Broucht in the laif of *Liddisdail*.

THEN *Twidail* came to with Speid,
The Scherif brocht the *Douglas* doun,
With *Cranſtane*, *Gladſtane*, gude at Neid,
Baith *Rowis-Watter* and *Hawick Town*.
*Beangeddert* bauldly maid him boun,
With all the *Trumbulls* ſtrang and ſtout;
The *Rutherfuirds*, with grit Renoun,
Convoyit the Toun of *Jedbruch* out.

IV.

WITH uther Clanns I can nocht tell,
Becauſe our Wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our Folk hes tane the Fell,
And plantit Pallions thair to byde:
We lukit doun the uther Syde,
And ſaw cum breiſting owre the Brae,
And Sr *George Foſter* was thair Gyde,
With Fyftene hundrid Men and mae.

V.

IT greivt him ſair that Day I trow,
With Sr *John Hinrome* of *Schipfydehouſe*,
Becauſe we wer not Men enow,
He counted us not worth a Souſe;

Sr *George* was gentill meik and douſe,
But he was hail, and het as Fyre:
But zit for all his Cracking crouſe,
He rewd the Raid of the *Reid ſquyre.*

VI.

To deil with proud Men is but Pain,
For ether ze maun ficht or flie,
Or els nae Anſwer mak again,
But play the Beiſt, and let him be.
It was nae Wondir tho he was hie,
Had *Tyndall*, *Redſdaile* at his Hand,
With *Cuckſdaile*, *Gladſdaile* on the Lie,
Auld *Hebſrimie* and *Northumberland.*

VII.

Zit was our Meiting meik enough,
Begun with Mirrineſs and Mows,
And at the Brae abune the Heugh
The Clerk ſat doun to call the Rows,
And ſum for Ky and ſum for Ewis,
Callit in of *Dandrie*, *Hob* and *Jock*,
I ſaw cum merching owre the Knows,
Fyve hundred *Fennicks* in a Flock.

VIII.

With Jack and Speir, and Bowis all bent,
And warlick Weaponis at thair Will;
Howbeit we wer not weil content,
Zit be my Trowth we feird nae Ill:
Sum zeid to drink, and sume ſtude ſtill,
And ſum to Cairds and Dyce them ſped,
Quhyle on ane Farſtein they fyld a Bill,
And he was Fugitive that fled.

IX.

*CARMICHAELL* bad them ſpeik out plainly,
And cloke nae Cauſe for Ill nor Gude,
The uther anſwering him full vainly,
Begouth to reckon Kin and Blude,
He raiſe and raxd him quhair he ſtude,
And bad him match him with his Marrows;
Then *Tyndall* hard theſe Reſouns rude,
And they lute aff a Flicht of Arrows.

X.

Then was ther nocht but Bow and Speir,
And ilka Man pullit out ane Braad,
A *Schaſtan* and a *Fennick* their,
Gude *Symmigtoun* was ſlain frae Hand.

The *Scotiſmen* cryd on ather to ſtand,
Frae Tyme they ſaw *John Robſon* ſlain:
Quhat ſuld they cry! The Kings Command
Culd cauſe nae Cowards turn again.

XI.

Up raiſe the Laird to red the Cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his Boiſt,
Quhat ſuld we do with ſic a Number,
Fyve thouſand Men, into an Hoiſt?
Then *Henrie Pardie* proud hes coſt,
And verie narrowlie had Miſchiefd him,
And ther we had our *Warden* loſt,
Wart not the grit God he relivd him.

XII.

Anz uther throw the Breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the Ground he fell:
Then thocht I, we had loſt him thair,
Into my Heart it ſtruk a knell;
Zit up he raiſe, the Truth to tell,
And laid about him Dunts full dour,
His Horſemen they faucht ſtout and ſnell,
And ſtude about him in the Stour.

XIII.

THEN raiſd the Slogan with ane Schout,
Fy, *Tyndall* to it, *Jedbrugh* heir's
I trow he was not half ſae ſtout,
But anes his Stomak was a Steir,
With Gun and Genzie, Bow and Speir,
He micht ſe mony a crackit Crown,
But up amang the Merchant Geir
The Buſſie wer as we were doun.

XIV.

THE Swallow-tail frae Teckles flew,
Fyve hundred flain into the Flicht,
But we had Peſtellets anew,
And ſchot among them as we micht.
With help of GOD the Game gade richt,
Frae Tyme the foremoſt of them fell;
Hyad owre the Know, without Gude-nicht,
They ran with mony a Schout and Zell.

XV.

AND after they had cumed again,
Zit *Tyndall* Men they cumed again,
And had not bene the Merchant Packs,
There had bene mae of *Scotland* ſlain.

But Jesu gif the Folk was fain
To put the Buſſing on thair Theis,
And ſae they fled with all thair Main,
Doun owre the Brae lyke clogged Beis.

XVI.

Sr *Francis Ruſſell* tane was thair,
And hurt, as we heir Men reherſe;
Proud *Wallingtoun* was wounded ſair,
Albeit he was a *Fennick* ferſs,
But gif ze wald a Souldier ſerche
Amang them all was tane that Night,
Was nane ſae wordie of our Verſe
As *Colingwood* that courteous Knight.

XVII.

Zung *Henrie* ſkapit Hame, is hurt,
A Souldier ſchot him with a Bow,
*Scotland* has Cauſe to mak grit Sturt,
For laiming of the Laird of *Mow*.
The Laird *Watt* did weil indeid
His Friends ſtude ſtoutly by himſell,
With litle *Gladſtane*, gude in Neid,
For *Gretein* kend not Gude be Ill.

XVIII.

THE *Scheriff* wantit not Gude-will,
Howbeit he micht not ſicht ſae faſt:
*Benjeadart*, *Hundlie* and *Huntbill*,
Three, on they laid weil at the laſt,
Exept the Horſemen of the Gaird;
If I could put men to avail,
Nane ſtoutlier ſtude out for thair Laird,
Nor did the Lads of *Liddiſdale*.

XIX.

BUT litle Harniſe had we thair,
But auld *Badrule* had on a Jack,
And did richt weil, I zou declair,
With all the *Trumbulls* at his Back.
Gude *Ederſtane* was not to lack,
With *Kirktoun*, *Newtoun*, Nobill-Men,
Thir is all the Specialls I haif ſpak,
Forby them that I could nocht ken,

XX.

QUHA did invent that Day of Play,
We neid nocht feir to find him ſune,
For Sr *John Foſter*, I dare weil ſay,
Maid us that nayſome Afternune:

Nor that I speik precisely out,
That he supposd it wald be perrill,
But Pryde and breaking out, but Dout,
Gart *Tyndall* Lads begin the Quarrell.

# THE

## *Eagle* and *Robin Red-breist.*

THE Prince of all the fethert Kynd,
That with spred Wings out fleis the Wind,
And tours far out of humane Sicht
To view the schynand Orb of Licht:
This Ryall *Bird*, tho braif and great,
And armit strang for stern Debait,
Nae Tyrant is but condescends
Aftymes to treit inferiour Friends.

ANE Day at his Command did flock
To his hie Palace on a Rock,
The Courtiers of ilk various Syze
That swiftly swim in Christal Skyis;

Thither the valiant *Tersels* doup,
And heir rapacious *Corbies* croup,
With greidy *Gleds* and slie *Gormahs*,
And dinsome *Pyis* and clatterin *Daws*;
Proud *Pecocks*, and a hundred mae,
Bruscht up thair Pens that solemn Day,
Bowd first submissive to thy Lord,
Then tuke thair Places at his Borde.

Mein Tyme quhyle feisting on a Fawn
And drinking Blude frae *Lamies* drawn,
A tunefull *Robin* trig and zung,
Hard by upon a Bour-tree sung.
He sang the *Eagles* Ryall Lyne.
His persing Ee and Richt divyne,
To sway out-owre the fetherit Thrang,
Quha dreid his martial Bill and fang:
His Flicht sublime, and Eild renewit,
His Mynd with Clemencie endewit;
In safter Notes he sung his Luve,
Mair hie his beiring Bolts for *Jove*.

The Monarch *Bird* with Blythneſs hard
The chaunting lytil Silvan *Bard*,
Calit up a *Buzart*, quha was than
His Favourite and Chamberlane,
Swith to my Treaſury, quod he,
And to yon canty *Robin* gie
As mekle of our currant Geir
As may mentain him throw the Zeir;
We can weil ſpairt, and its his Due,
He bad, and furth the *Judas* flew,
Straight to the Brench quhair *Robin* ſung,
And with awickit lieand Tung,
Said, Ah! ze ſing ſae dull and ruch,
Ze haif deivt our Lugs mair than enuch,
His *Majeſtie* hes a nyſe Eeir,
And nae mair of zour ſtuff can beir;
Pok up zour Pypes, be nae mair ſene
At Court, I warn ye as a Frein.

He ſpak, quhyle *Robinis* ſwelling Breiſt
And drouping Wings his Grief expreſt;

The Teirs ran happing doun his Cheik,
Grit grew his Hairt he coud nocht ſpeik,
No for the Tinſell of Rewaird,
But that his Notis met nae Regaird;
Straicht to the Schaw he ſpred his Wing,
Reſolvit again nae mair to ſing.
Quhair Princelie Bountie is ſuppreſt,
By ſic with quhome they ar oppreſt,
Quha cannot beir (becauſe they want it.)
That ocht ſuld be to Merit grantit.

*Quod* Ar. Scot.

## *Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix.*

I.

THE Paip, that Pagane full of Pryde,
He hes us blindit lang
For quhair the blind the blind dois gyde,
Na Wonder thay ga wrang:
Lyke Prince and King he led the Ring
Of all Iniquitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie

II.

Bot his Abhominatioun
The LORD hes brocht to Licht,
His Popiſche Pryde and thrinfald Crowne
Almaiſt hes loſt thair Micht.
His Plak Pardounis ar but Lardounis,
Of new found Vanitie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

III.

His Cardinallis hes Caus to murne,
His Biſchoppis borne aback;
His Abbotis gat ane uncouth Turne,
Quhen Schavelingis went to ſack.
With Burges Wyfis thay led thair Lyvis,
And ſure better nor we,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

IV.

His *Carmelites* and *Jacobines*,
His *Dominiks* had greit Do,
His *Cordeleiris* and *Auguſtinis*,
Sanct *Frances* Ordour to;
Thay ſillie Freiris mony Teiris,
With babling blerit our Ee,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

V.

The Siſteris gray, befoir this Day,
Did crune within thair Cloiſter,
Thay feit ane Freir thair Kayis to bein,
The Feind reſſave the Foſter;
Syne in the Mirk ſa weild culd wirk,
And kittill them wantonlie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, &c.

VI.

The blind Biſchop he culd nocht preiche,
For playing with the Laſſis;
The ſyllie Freir behuffit to fleiche,
For Almous that he aſſis;
The Curat his Creid he culd nocht reid,
Schame fall the Cumpanie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VII.

The Biſchop wald nocht wed ane Wyfe,
The Abbote not perſew ane
Thinkand it was ane luſtie Lyfe,
Ilk Day to have ane new ane,
In everie Place ane uncouth Face,
His Luſt to ſatisfie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

VIII.

The Perſoun wald nocht have ane Hure,
Bot twa, an thay war bony;
The Vicar (thocht he was pure)
Behuiffit to have als mony;
The Parcis Prieſt, that brutall Beiſt,
He polit thame privelie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, *&c.*

OF *Scotland* well, the Freirs of *Faill*,
The Lymmerie lang hes leſtit,
The Monkis of *Melros* maid gude Kail
On *Frydayis*, quhen thay faſtit;
The ſillie Nunnis keiſt up thair Bunnis,
And heiſit thair Hippis on hie,
Hay Trix, Tryme go Trix, under the Grene Wod-Trie

* * * * * *

## *On the Mes.*

I.

KNAW ze not GOD omnipotent,
He creat Man and maid him fre,
Quhill he brak his Commandement,
And eit of the forbiden Tre;
Had not that bliſſit Barne bene borne,
Sin to redres,
Lowreis zour Lyves had bene forlorne,
For all zour Mes.

II.

Sen we war all to Sin maid ſure,
Throw *Adamis* Inobedience,
(Saif CHRIST) thair was na Creature,
Maid Sacrifice for our offence;
Thair is na Sanct may ſave zour Saull,
Fra ze tranſgres,
Suppois Sanct *Peter* and Sanct *Paull*
Had baith ſaid Mes.

III.

KNAWING thair is na Chriſt bot ane,
Quhilk Rent was on the Rude with Roddis;
Quhy give ze Glore to Stock and Stane,
In worſchipping of uther Goddis?
Thir Idoles that on Altaris ſtandis,
Ar Fenzeitnes,
Ze gat not GOD amang zour Handis,
Mumling zour Mes.

IV.

AND ſen na Sanct zour Saull may ſave,
Perchance ze will ſpeir at me than,
How may the Paip thir Pardounis have,
With Power baith of Beiſt and Man?

Throw nathing bot ane ſenzeit Faith,
For Halyneſs
Inventit Wayis to get thame Graith,
Lyke as the Mes.

V.

Or Marriage ze maid zon quyte,
Thinking it Thraldome to refraine:
Wanting of Wyffis it Appetyte,
That Courage micht incres againe;
Thay honny Lippis, ze did perſew,
Grew Gall I ges,
Thinking it was Contritioun trew,
To daunce ane Mes.

VI.

Gif God was maid of Bittis of Breid,
Eit ze not ouklie ſax or ſevin,
As it had bene a mortall Feid,
Quhill ze had almaiſt heryit Hevin,
Als mony Devilis ze maun devoir,
Quhill Hell grow les,
Or doutles we dar nocht reſtoir
Zou to zour Mes.

VII.

Gif God be tranſubſtantiall;
In Breid, with *hoc eſt corpus meum*,
Quhy war ze ſa unnaturall,
As tak him in zour Teith and ſla him?
Tripairtit and devydit him
At zour dum Dres,
Bot God knawis how ze gydit him
Mumling zour Mes.

VIII.

Ze partit with Dame Povertie,
Tuke Propertie to be zour Wyfe,
Fra Charitie and Chaſtitie,
With Licharie ze led zour Lyfe;
That raiſit the Mother of Miſchief,
Zour Gredynes,
Beleving ay to get Relief
For ſaying Mes.

IX.

O wickit vain Veneriens,
Ze are not Sanctis (thocht ze ſeme haly)
Proude poyſonit *Epicuriens*,
Quhilk had na God bot zour awin Bellie:

Beleve, ze Lownis, the LORD allowis
Zour Idilneſs,
Lang or the Sweit cum owir zour Browis
For ſaying Mes.

X.

HAD not zourſelf begun the Weiris,
Zour Stepillis had bene ſtandand zit:
It was the flattering of zour Freiris
That ever gart Sanct *Frances* flit;
Ze grew ſa ſuperſtitious
In Wickitnes,
It gart us grow malicious,
Contrair zour Mes.

XI.

OUR Biſchoppis ar degenerate,
Thocht thay be mountit upon Mulis,
With Huredome clene effeminate,
And Freiris oft tymes previs Fulis;
For duſtifit and bob at Evin,
Do ſa incres,
Hes drevin ſum of them to teine,
For all thair Mes

XII.

CHRIST keip all faithfull Christianis
From pervert Pryde and Papistrie;
GOD grant thame trew Intelligens
Of his Law, Word and Veritie;
GOD grant thay may thair Lyfe amend,
Syne Blis posses,
Throw Faith on CHRIST all that depend,
And nocht on Mes.

XIII.

SEN Mes is nathing ellis to say,
Bot ane wickit Inventioun,
Without Authoritie, or Stay,
Of Scripture, or Fundatioun:
Gif Kingis wald Mes to *Rome* hence dryve
With Haistines,
Suld be the Meane to have belyve
Ane End of Mes.

## *On Purgatorie.*

I.

OF the fals Fyre of Purgatorie,
Is nocht left in ane Sponk;
Thairfoir ſayis Gedde, Wayis me,
Gone is Preiſt, Frier and Monk.

II.

THE Reik ſa wounder deir thay ſolde
For Money, Gold and Landis,
Quhill have the Riches on the Molde,
Is ſeaſit in thair Handis.

III.

THAY knew nathing bot Concfice
And Lufe of Paramouris,
And lat the Saulis burne and bis
Of all thair Foundatouris.

IV.

At Corps Preſence thay wald ſing,
For Ryches, to ſlokkin the Fyre:
Bot all pure Folk that had nathing
Was ſkaldit vaine and lyre.

V.

Zit ſat they heich in Parliament,
Lyke Lordis of greit Renowne,
Untill now that the New Teſtament
Hes it and thame brocht downe.

VI.

And thocht thay ſuffe at it, and blaw
Ay quhill thair Bellyis ryve,
The mair thay blaw, full weill thay know
The mair it dois miſthryve.

# *HARDYKNUTE,*

## A

# FRAGMENT.

### I.

STATELY ſtept he Eaſt the Wa,
And ſtately ſtept he Weſt,
Full Seventy Ziers he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin Ziers of Reſt.
He livit quhen *Britons* Breach of Faith
Wroucht *Scotland* meikle Wae:
And ay his Sword tauld to their Coſt,
He was their deidly Fae.

II.

His on a Hill his Caſtle ſtude,
With Halls and Touris a Hicht,
And guidly Chambers fair to ſe,
Quhair be lodgit mony a Knicht.
His Dame ſae peirleſs anes and fair,
For Chaſt and Bewtie deimt,
Nae Marrow had in all the Land,
Saif *Elenor* the Quene.

III.

Full Thirtein Sons to him ſcho bare,
All Men of Valour ſtout;
In bluidy Ficht with Sword in Hand
Nyne loſt their Lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand by Liege and Land:
Hie was their Fame, hie was their Micht,
And hie was their Command.

IV.

Great Love they bare to *Fairly* fair,
Their Siſter ſaft and deir,
Her Girdle ſhawd her Middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her Hair.

Quhat waefou wae hir Bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to Kyth and Kin,
As Story ever tauld.

V.

The King of *Norfe* in Summer Tyde,
Puft up with Powir and Micht,
Landed in fair *Scotland* the Yle,
With mony a hardy Knicht:
The Tydings to our gude *Scots* King
Came, as he fat at Dyne,
With noble Chiefs in braif Aray,
Drinking the Blude reid Wyne.

VI.

"To Horfe, to Horfe, my Royal Liege,
"Zour Foes ftand on the Strand,
"Full Twenty thouſand glittering Speers
"The King of *Norfe* commands.
*Bring me my Steed* Mage *dapple gray*,
Our gude King raife and cry'd,
*A truſtier Beaſt in all the Land*
*A* Scots *King never ſtryd.*

VII.

*Go, little Page, tell* Hardyknute,
*That lives on Hill ſo hie,*
*To drawe his Sword, the Dried of Faes,*
*And haſte and follow me.*
The little Page flew ſwift as Dart
Flung by his Maſters Arm,
*Cum down, cum down Lord* Hardyknute
*And rid zeur King frae Harm.*

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown Cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown Brow;
His Luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In Danger great to do;
He hes tane a Horn as grene as Glaſs,
And gien five Sounds ſae ſhrill,
That Tries in grene Wod ſchuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka Hill.

IX.

His Sons in manly Sport and Glie,
Had paſt the Summers Morn,
Quhen lo doun in a graſſy Dale,
They heard their Fatheris Horn.

*That Horn*, quod they, *neir ſounds in Peace;*
*We haif ether Sport to byde;*
And ſune they heyd them up the Hill,
And ſune were at his Syde.

X.

*LATE late Zeſtrene I weind in Peace*
*To end my lengthned Lyfe,*
*My Age micht weil excuſe my Arm*
*Frae manly Feats of Stryfe:*
*But now that* Norſe *dois proudly boaſt*
*Fair* Scotland *to inthral,*
*Its neir be ſaid of* Hardyknute,
*He ſeird to ſicht or fall.*

XI.

*ROBIN of* Rothſay, *bend thy Bow,*
*Thy Arrows ſchute ſae leil,*
*Mony a comely Countenance*
*They haif turnd to deidly Pale:*
*Brade* Thomas *tak ze but zour Lance,*
*Ze neid nae Weapons mair,*
*Gif ze ſicht weit as ze did anes*
*Gainſt* Weſtmorelands *ferſt Heir.*

XII.

*MALCOM, licht of Foote ar Stag,*
*That runs in Foreſt wyld,*
*Get me my Thouſands Thrie of Men*
*Well bred to Sword and Schield:*
*Bring me my Horſe and Harniſine*
*My Blade of Mettal cleir.*
If Faes kend but the Hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for Feir.

XIII.

*FAREWEIL my Dame ſae peirleſs gude,*
And tuke hir by the Hand,
*Fairer to me in Age zou ſeim,*
*Than Maids for Bewtie fam'd:*
*My zoungeſt Son ſall here remain*
*To guard theſe ſtately Towirs,*
*And ſhut the Silver Bolt that keips,*
*Sae faſt zour painted Bowirs.*

XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet hir comely Chicks,
And then hir Boddies greene,
Hir Silken Cords of Twirtle twiſt,
Weil plett with Silver ſheenes.

And Apron set with mony a Dice
Of Needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae Hand, as ze may guess,
Saif that of *Fairly* fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre Muir and Moss
Owre Hills and Mony a Glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded Knicht
Making a heavy Mane,
*Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,*
*By Treacheries false Gyles:*
*Witles I was that eir gaif Faith*
*To wicked Womans Smyles.*

XVI.

*SR Knicht, gin ze were in my Bowir,*
*To lean on Silken Seat,*
*My Ladyis kyndlie Care wonld prove,*
*Quha neir kend deidly Hate;*
*Hir self wald watch ze all the Day,*
*Hir Maids a deid of Nicht;*
*And Fairly fair zour Heart wald cheir,*
*As scho stands in your Sicht.*

XVII.

*ARYSE, zoung Knicht, and mount zour Steid,*
*Full lowns the ſchynand Day,*
*Cheis frae my Menzie quhom ze pleis*
*To leid ze on the Way.*
With ſmyleſs Luke and Viſage wan,
The wounded Knicht replyd,
*Kynd Chiftain, zour Intent purſue,*
*For heir I maun abyde.*

XVIII.

*TO me nae after Day nor Nicht,*
*Can eir be ſweit or ſair,*
*But ſune beneath ſum draping Trie,*
*Culd Deith fall end my Care.*
With him nae Pleiding micht prevail,
Braif *Hardyknute* to gain,
With faireſt Words and Reaſon ſtrang,
Straif courteouſly in vain.

XIX

SYNE he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord *Chattans* Land ſae wyde,
That Lord a worthy Wicht was ay,
When Faes his Courage ſeyd:

Of *Pictiſh* Race by Mothers Syde,
Quhen *Picts* ruld *Caledon*,
Lord *Chattan* claimd the Princely Maid,
Quhen he ſaiſt *Pictiſh* Crown.

XX.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart Train,
He reicht a ryſing Heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the Dale,
*Norſs* Army lay in Sicht;
*Zonder my valziant Sons and feris,*
*Our raging Revers wait*
*On the unconquerit* Scotiſh *ſwaird*
*To try with us thair Fate.*

XXI.

*MAK Oriſons to him that ſaiſt*
*Our Sauls upon the Rude,*
*Syne braiſly ſchaw your Veins are fill'd*
*With* Caledonian *Blude.*
Then furth he drew his Truſty Glaive,
Quhyle Thouſands all arround,
Drawn frae their Sheaths glanſt in the Sun,
And loud the Bougills ſound.

XXII.

To join his King adoun the Hill
In Haſt his Merch he made,
Quhyle, playand Pibrochs Minſtralls meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade,
*Thryſe welcum valziant Stowp of Weir,*
*Thy Nations Schield and Pryde;*
*Thy King nae Reaſon has to feir*
*Quhen thou art be his Syde.*

XXIII.

Quhen Bows were bent and Darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they ſlie,
The Darts clove Arrows as they met,
The Arrows dart the Trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little Skaith to Man,
But bludy, bludy was the Field,
Or that lang Day was done.

XXIV.

The King of *Scots* that ſindle bruikd
The War that lukit lyke Play,
Drew his braid Sword, and brake his Bow,
Sen Bows ſeimt but Delay:

Quoth noble *Rothſay*, *Myne I'll keip,*
*I wate its bleid a Shore.*
*Haſt up my merry men*, cryd the King,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The King of *Norſe* he ſought to find,
With him to meaſe the Faucht,
But on his Forehead there did licht,
A ſharp unſonſie Shaft;
As he his Hand put up to find
The Wound, an Arrow keen.
O waefou Chance! there pinnd his Hand
In midſt betweene his Ene.

XXVI.

*REVENGE*, *revenge*, cryd *Rothſays Heir*,
*Your Mail-coat ſall nocht hyde*
*The Strength and Sharpneſs of my Dart*;
Then ſent it through his Syde:
Another Arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his Neck in twa,
His Hands then quat the ſilver Reins,
He law as Eard did ſa.

XXVII.

*SAIR bleids my Liege, fair, fair he bleids.*
Again with micht he drew
And Geſture dreid his ſturdy Bow,
Faſt the braid Arrow flew:
Wae to the Knicht he etled at,
Lament now Quene *Elgreid*,
Hie Dames to wail your Darlings Fall,
His Zouth and comely Meid.

XXVIII.

*TAKE aff, take aff his coſtly Jupe*
(Of Gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the Fowlers Net throuch quhilk
His ſteily Harneſs ſhynd)
*Take*, Norſe, *that Gift frae me, and bid*
*Him venge the Blude it beirs;*
*Say, if he face my bended Bow,*
*He ſure nae Weapon feirs.*

XXIX.

PROUD *Norſe* with Giant Body tall,
Braid Shoulder and Arms ſtrong,
Cryd, *Quhair is* Hardyknute *fae famd,*
*And feird at* Britains *Throne:*

*The* Britons *tremble at his Name,*
*I June full make him wail,*
*That eir my Sword was made sae sharp,*
*Sae sast his Coat of Mail.*

XXX.

THAT Brag his stout Heart could na byde,
It lent him zouthfou Micht:
'm Hardyknute *this Day,* he cryd,
*To* Scotlands *King I hecht,*
*To lay thee law as Horses Huse,*
*My Word I mean to keip.*
yne with the first Strake eir he strake,
He garrd his Body bleid.

XXXI.

*WORSE* ene lyke gray Gosehawks staird wyld,
He sicht with Shame and Spyte;
*Disgracd is now my sar samd Arm*
*That left thee Power to stryke:*
Then gaif his Head a Blaw sae sell,
It made him doun to stoup,
s law as he to Ladies usit
In courtly Gyse to lout.

XXXII.

FULL sune he rais'd his bunt Body,
His Bow he marvell'd fair,
Sen Blaws till then on him but darrd
As Touch of *Fairly* fair:
*Norse* ferliat too as fair as he
To se his stately Luke,
Sae sune as eir he strake a Fae,
Sae sune his Lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

QUHAIR lyke a Fyre to Hether set,
Bauld *Thomas* did advance,
A sturdy Fae with Luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He spurd his Steid throw thickest Ranks
The hardy Zouth to quell
Quha stude unmusit at his Approach
His Furie to repell.

XXXIV.

*THAT schort brown Shaft sae meanly trimd,*
*Lukis lyke poor* Scotlands *Geir,*
*But dreidfull seims the rusty Poynt!*
And loud he leuch in Jeir.

*Ast* Britains *Blude has dimd its Shyne*
*This Poynt cut short their Vaunt;*
Syne pierced the boisteris bairded Cheik,
Nae Tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

SCHORT quhyle he in his Sadill swang,
His Stirrip was nae Stay,
Sae feible hang his unbent Knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened Clay he fell,
Richt far was hard the Thud,
But *Thomas* lukit not as he lay
All waltering in his Blude.

XXXVI.

WITH cairless Gesture Mynd unmuvit
On raid he North the Plain,
His seim in Thrang of fiercest Stryfe,
Quhen Winner ay the same;
Nor zit his Heart Dames dimpelit Cheik,
Coud meise saft Luve to bruik,
Till vengeful *Ann* returnd his Scoen,
Then languid grew his Luke.

XXXVII.

In Thrawis of Death, with wallowit Chick
All panting on the Plain,
The fainting Corps of Warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again;
Neir to return to native Land,
Nae mair with blythsome Sounds,
To boist the Glories of the Day,
And schaw thair Shyning Woonds.

XXXVIII.

On *Norways* Coast the Widowit Dame
May wash the Rocks with Teirs,
May lang luke owre the Schiples Seis
Befoir hir Mate appeire.
Ceise, *Emma*, ceise to hope in Vain,
Thy Lord lyis in the Clay,
The valziant Scots nae *Revers* thole
To carry Lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a Lie quhair stands a Crois
Set up for Monument,
Thousands full fierce that Summers Day
Filld kene Waris black Intent,

Let *Scots*, quhyle *Scots*, praiſe *Hardyknute*,
Let *Norſe* the Name ay dried,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpairrd,
Sal lateſt Ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin Wind,
Sair beat the heavy Showir,
Mirk grew the Nicht eir *Hardyknute*
Wan neir his ſtately Tower,
His Towir that uſd with Torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at Nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning Weid,
Nae Marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

*THAIRS nae Licht in my Ladys Bowir*
*Thairs nae Licht in my Hall;*
*Nae blink ſhynes round my* Fairly *fair,*
*Nor* Ward *ſtands on my Wall.*
*Quhat bodes it?* Robert, Thomas, *ſay*
Nae Anſwer fits their Dreid.
*Stand back, my Sons, I'll be zour Gyde,*
But by they paſt with Speid.

XLII.

*AS fast I haif sped owre* Scotlands *Faer,*
There ceist his Brag of Weir,
Sair schamit to mynd oght but his Dame,
And Maiden *Fairly* fair.
Black Feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wist not zit with Dreid;
Sair schuke his Body, sair his Limbs,
And all the Warrior fled.

* * * * * * * * * *

# GLOSSARY:

OR,

## An EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words.

A

A All
Abaid Abade, *abode stayed*
Abaisit, *abashed*
Abeit, *albeit*
Abergown, *coat of mail*
Ablens, *perhaps*
Aboife, abuve, *above*
Abulaiement, *habit.*
Abune, *above*
Adoun, *downward*
Aff, *off*
Aft, aften, *oft often*
Affeir, *fri ghed*
Afrey, *Fear*
Agit, *aged*
Agast, *afrighted*
Aidir, *either*
Aik, *oak*

A R

Ain, *own*
Aits, *oats*
Air, *time Past*
Air, *soon, early, item heir*
Aith, *oath*
Akerbraid, *breadth of an acre*
Alaft, *aloft*
Allane, *allone*
Almous, *alms*
Alkynd, kind, or sort of
Als, as, and
Amene, *pleasant*
Ane, *one*
Anes, anis, *once*
Antetewme, *Example*
Apenit, *opened*
Apleis, *please*
Arles, *earnest*

Artilzie, *artillery*
Aſs, *aſk*
Aſſailzied, *aſſailed*
Attains, *at once*
Attemperit, *tempered*
Attowre, *out over*
Attercap, *a waſp*
Avalzied, *avoided*
Aventure, *adventure*
Aver, *a horſe*
Averil, *ſenſeleſs fellow*
Aucht, *ought*, item *eight*.
Auld, *old*
Aw, *owe*
Awin, *own*
Awis, *ows*
Aureat, *golden*
Ayd, *aid*
Avyſe, *advice*
Aynd, *breath*

## B A

BAID, bade, *did abide*
Band, *bound*
Banes *or* Bains, *bones*
Bair, *bare*
Bannocks, *Bread*
Bairn, Bern, *child, youth*
Baith, *both*
Bale, *or* Beal, *ſorrow*
Balmit, *embalmed*
Ban, *to curſe*
Bang, *to move haſtily*
Barbir, *barbarous*
Barbulzied, *to confuſe*
Barret, *a ſort of liquor*
Barrow Trams, *Staves of a Barrow*
Barm, *yeſt*
Barmy, *fermented and muddy*
Bauld, *bold*
Bawſy, *white fac'd*
Bedene, *immediately*
Befoir, beforn, *before*
Beſt, *beaten*
Begouth, *begun*
Begylit, *beguiled*
Behald *behold*
Behoif, *behove*
Beil, *any ſhelter againſt the inclemency of the weather*
Belyve, *immediately*
Bellies, *bellows*
Beik, *to baſk or warm*
Beims, *beams*
Beir, *to bear* item *to mean*
Beir, *barley*
Beit, *help*
Ben, *inner part of a houſe*
Bene, *bean*
Bene, *been*
Bent, *the field*
Berkit, *barkened*
Beſeik, *beſeech*
Beſwakit, *blanched*
Betwiſch, *betwixt*
Bewis, *boughs*
Bewtie, *beauty*
Bezond, *beyond*
Bigg, *build*
Biggit, *built*
Bikkerit, *contended*
Bink, *bench*
Bin, *been*
Biqnour *or* Bicker *a large cup or diſh*
Birkin Bobyns, *a knot of birch leaves*
Birs, *briſtle*
Birn *to burn*
Birniſt, *burniſhed*
Biſſilie, *buſilie*

Blad, *a stroke*, item, *a big piece of*---
Blae, *livid*
Bland, *to mix*
Blathy, *wet*
Blate, *bashful*
Blaw, *blow*
Bleber, *to bable*
Bledoch, *butter milk*
Bleir, *to make the eyes red or dim*
Blent *looked*
Blether, *to stammer and speik nonsense*
Blink, *a small sight* item *to sparkle*
Blinkit, *looked hastily*
Bluxre, *bloom*.
Blude, *blood*
Bodin, *furnished*
Bodword, *message*
Bocht, *bought*
Bog, *marsh*
Boist, *to boast*
Bok, *to vomit*
Bony, *beautiful* item *little*
Boitings *or* Buiting, Boots
Bot *but*, item *without*
Bougars. *Rafters*
Bouk, *the body*. item *bulk*
Bougil *a young bull*, item *his horn*
Boun, *ready to go*
Bourd, *a sport*, item *to sport*
Bowsteous, *boisterous*
Bowster, *a Bolster*
Bow, *a fold of cattle*
Brand, *a sword*
Brawnd, *the muscels*
Branglit, *brandished*
Braif. *brave*
Brankand, *prancing*
Bratle, *to clash*
Braw, *brave, fine*
Brae, *side of a hill, Bank of a river*
Braid, *broad* item *to haste, arise*
Braids *or* Brade, *is like, or takes after*
Brais *or* Bruce, *Embrace*
Brash, *brush*
Breiks, *breeches*
Bricht, *bright*
Brie, *eye brow*
Brilzean, *brillant*
Brim, *fierce*
Brocht, *brought*
Brod, *to prick or spur*
Brock, *the badger*
Browdin, *fond of*
Browster, *brewer*
Brudie, *teeming, fertile*
Bruik *brook or enjoy*
Bruikit, *blackened*
Brukil, *brittle*
Brynt, *brunt*
Bud, *bribe*
Buke *or* Buik, *book*
Buith, *booth or shop*
Buith-meal, *shop rent*
Buiting, *booty*
Bundin, *bound*
Bun, *arse*
Bure *did bear*
Burn *a brook*
Burde, *board*
Burdoun, *a palmers staff*
Bushment, *men laying in ambush*
Buts, *a bush*
Bute, *help, advantage*
But *and* bet, *without*
Byre, *cow house*

## C A

CA *call*
Cabroch, *poor lean flesh*
Cadgers, *higlers*
Calit, *called*
Champion *champion*
Cankart, *angry*, item, *ulcerated*
Canny, *happy convenient*
Canty, *chearful*
Caprousy *an upper Garment*
Carline, *an old woman*
Carp, *to talk*
Carvel *a kind of ship*
Cast, *a throw*
Cative *or* Captif *Captive or Slave*
Cawd *called*
Cawf, *calf*
Cawk, *chalk*
Cawkit, *did fyte*
Cauld, *cold*
Ccis, *to cease*
Celcitude, *highness*
Celeft, *heavenly*
Chalmer, *chamber*
Chaip, *eschape*
Chafts, *the chops*
Chak, *to check*
Chat, *to hang on a gallows*
Cheil, *a person*
Cheir, *sheer* item, *chear*
Chenzie, *Chain*
Chereis, *cherish*
Clam Shells, *scalop shells*
Clan, *a Tribe*
Clashes, *idle tales*
Clash *to throw dirt*
Claith, *cloath*
Clais, *cloaths*
Clauter, *chatter*
Claw, *to scratch*
Cleft, *the cleaving*
Clene, *clean*
Clerk, *generally used for a learned Man*
Clewis *or* Cleuchs, *cliffs*
Cleikit, *laid hold on*
Cleith, *cloath*
Cleuch, *hollow betwixt hills*
Clipit, *called*
Clips, *Eclips*
Clokks, *Beetles*
Clod, *to throw.*
Cluds, *clouds*
Cluke, *to hook*
Clum *or* clam, *climbed*
Cluves, *hoves*
Codroch, *miserable and nasty*
Combure, *to burn*
Coft, *bought*
Con, *the Squirrel*
Comich, *comick*
Corbie, *a Raven*
Corinoch *a highland feast*
Cowhowby, *cowherd*
Cowd, *cut or clipped*
Courtas, *courteous*
Couth, *cold* item *familiar*
Covetice, *Covetousness*
Cour, *to stoop and creep low*
Crabit, *surly, angry*
Craig, *the neck*, item *a rock*
Craif, *crave*
Craw, *the crow*
Crap, *did creep*
Craik, *to crank*
Crawdon, *faint hearted*
Creish, *grease*
Creils, *baskets*
Crouse, *brisk and bold*
Cruif *a lodge*

Cryne, *wither and grow leſs*
Crum, *a little bit*
Cule, *cool*
Cum *come*
Cunzie *coyn*
Cun, *talle*
Cummerſom *troubleſom*
Culroun, *a raſcal*
Curches, *kerchiefs or head-linnen*
Cuik, *cook*
Curpal, *Crupper*
Cuſte, *did caſt*, item *vomit*
Cute, *ancle, joint*, item *a triſle*

## D A

DAE, *do*
Daft, *mad, fooliſh, merry*
Dairthful, *dear*
Dander, *wander carelesly*
Dang, *defeat*
Danton, *to quell*
Dapill, *dapple*
Daw, *dawn*, item *a ſluggard*
Dawing, *dawning*
Deave *or* Deif, *to deafen*
Deid, *dead*, it *death, it duell*
Dell, *deal*, item *devil*
Dink, dynk, *fancy*, item, *finely dreſt*
Denty, *fine*
Deme, *to deem*
Demyng, *condemning or demning*.
Depairt, *to divide*
Depaynt, *painted*
Deray, *Noiſe, ſporting, Gambols.*
Derch, *a dwarf*
Dern, *Secret*
Derth, *dearth*
Deſavit, *deceived*
Det, *debt*
Devalling, *deſcending haſtily.*
Dew, *due*
Dicht, *to clean*, item *dreſſed decht.*
Ding, *to beat or overcome*
Ding, *worthy*
Dirtin, *beſhitten*
Denzie, *to deign*
Docht, *could availed*
Dochter, *daughter*
Dois, *does*
Dok, *arſe*
Donk, *moiſt*
Doſs, *neat regular*
Up doſt, *put in order.*
Dow, *to be able*
Dow, *dove*
Dowbart, *dull Fellow*
Douchty, *hardy, valiant*
Dowf, *heavy Fool* item *dull melancholy*
Dour, *ſullen hard*
Dous, *ſolid, grave*
Draif, *drave*
Drait *or* Dret, *ſhit.*
Drawkit, *wet*
Drie *to endure.*
Dreich, *tedious*
Dretry, *lonſome and mourneful*
Dring, *a miſer*
Droich, *a dwarf*
Drone, *to act lazily*
Droukit *drenched*
Droup, *to droop*
Dryt, *ſhite*
Dwam, *qualm*

Duhs, *mire and little pools*
Duds, *rags*
Duils, *goals*
Dule, *pain*
Dume, *doom*
Dum, *dumb*
Dunt, *to beat hard*
Dung, *beaten*
Duris, *doors*
Dwalm, *to ſwoon or take a qualm*
Dyne *to dine*
Dynt, *ſtroak*
Dyvour, *a bankrupt*

## E A

EARD, Eeird, *or* Erde, *earth*
Ee, *eye*,
Edert, *Edward*
Edder-ſtangit, *ſtung by an adder*
Egil, *the Eagle*
Eik, *to add*, item *alſo*
Eild, *age*
Eir, *ear* item *e'er*
Eirynes, *fear of ſpirits and goblins*
Eiſe, *eaſe*.
Eit, *to eat*
Eith, *eaſy*
Eme, *uncle*
Empaſhed, *hindred*
Elbuck, *elbow*
Elritch, *gloſtly, wild, lonely ſome*
Enamellit, *enameled*
Ene, *eyes*
Enuch, *enough*
Enſenzie, *enſign*
Erſch, *iriſh*
Ettle, *to aim*
Eſperance, *hope*
Eſchapit, *eſcaped*
Everichone, *every one*
Eydently, *ſee* ithandly
Eyndle, *to be jealous*
Eynling, *jealouſy*

## F A

FA, *fall*
Fac, *foe*
Falſet, *falſhood*
Faik, *a fold to quit*
Fair, *to go or paſt*
Fairdy *clever and light*
Falzie *or* Felzie *to fail*
Fand, *found*
Fangs, *paws and claws*
Fang, *to graſp*
Fankle, *to entangle*
Faſh *or* Faſche, *to trouble*
Faſſoun, *faſhion*
Faw, *fall*
Fawe, *gets*
Fauld *or* Fund, *fold*
Faut, *fault*
Fay, *faith*
Fazart, *a daſtard*
Fecht, *fight*
Feckleſs, *without ſtrength*
Fedder, *a Father*
Fedderem, *wings*
Feid, *feud, hatred*,
Feldom, *fatality*.
Feilty, *ſubjection*
eil, *ſenſe*, item *many*
Feir, *fear*,
Feir *light*

# GLOSSARY:

OR,

## An EXPLANATION of the *Scots* Words.

A

A All
Abaid Abade, *abode stayed*
Abaisit, *abashed*
Abeit, *albeit*
Abergown, *coat of mail*
Ablens, *perhaps*
Aboife, abuve, *above*
Abulaiement, *habit.*
Abune, *above*
Adoun, *downward*
Aff, *off*
Aft, aften, *oft often*
Affeir, *fri ghed*
Afrey, *Fear*
Agit, *aged*
Agast, *afrighted*
Ahir, *either*
Aik, *oak*

A R

Ain, *own*
Aits, *oats*
Air, *time Past*
Air, *soon, early, item heir*
Aith, *oath*
Akerbraid, *breadth of an acre*
Alaft, *aloft*
Allane, *allone*
Almous, *alms*
Alkynd, kind, or sort of
Als, as, and
Amene, *pleasant*
Ane, *one*
Anes, anis, *once*
Antetewme, *Example*
Apenit, *opened*
Apleis, *please*
Arles, *earnest*

## G A

GAB, *the mouth*
Gad *or* Ged, *Goad*
Gædder, *gather*
Gae, *go*
Gaif, *gave*
Gains, *serves*
Gair, *greedy*
Gait, Gate, *Way method* item *goat.*
Gaistings, *gallings*
Galziart *brisk, jolly, wanton*
Gams, *gums*
Gan, *began*
Gane, *gone,* item *serve*
Gane, *mouth*
Gang, *to go*
Gaunt, *to yawn*
Gar *to make or oblige*
Gardevyance, *a case of Instruments*
Garth, *a garden or inclosure*
Gaw, *gall*
Gawf, *a Laugh.*
Gawsy, *large and fat*
Geck, *mock, or cast up the head in derision*
Gein, *given*
Geir, *wealth*
Gemmer, *gender*
Gent, *gentile*
Genterice, *honourable Birth*
Gentileness, *clemency*
Genzie, *a dart or arrow.*
Geriome, *a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Leafe*
Get, *a child*
Ghaist, *Ghost*
Gie, *give*
Gif, gin, *if*
Gild, *clamour*
Gilt, *guilded*
Gimp, *see* Jimp
Gird, *to strike*
Girn, *to grin,* item *a trap or Snare,*
Girth, *a sanctuary*
Glamour, *the sight deceived*
Glaik, *to pass time idly*
Glar, *Myre*
Glave, *a sword.*
Gle *or* Glie, *mirth*
Gled, *a kite*
Gleim, *small flame*
Gleid, *small spunk of fire*
Glen *a hollow between mountains*
Glengore *or* Grandgore, *the* French *pox*
Glore, *glory*
Glumschoch, *sour fellow*
Gloum, *to knit the eye brows*
Glour, *to stare*
Gluves, *gloves*
Goldfpink, *the goldfinch*
Golk *or* Gowk, *the cuckow*
Glift, *to glifter*
Gowden, *golden*
Gowkit, *foolish*
Grape *to grope*
Graif, *the grave* item *grave*
Grain, grane, *groan*
Grangis, *corn fields, barns and Granneries*
Graith, *to make ready,* item *utensils, necessary things*
Graithed, *attyred, made ready*

Blad, *a strok*, item, *a big piece of* —
Blae, *livid*
Bland, *to mix*
Blashy, *wet*
Blate, *bashful*
Blaw, *blow*
Bleber, *to bable*
Bledoch, *butter milk*
Bleir, *to make the eyes red or dim*
Blent *looked*
Blether, *to stammer and speik nonsense*
Blink, *a small sight* item *to sparkle*
Blinkit, *looked hastily*
Blume, *bloom*
Blude, *blood*
Bodin, *furnished*
Bodword, *message*
Bocht, *bought*
Bog, *marsh*
Boist, *to boast*
Bok, *to vomit*
Bony, *beautiful* item *little*
Boitings *or* Buiting, Boots
Bot *but*, item *without*
Bougars. *Rafters*
Bouk, *the body*. item *bulk*
Bougil *a young bull*, item *his horn*
Boun, *ready to go*
Bourd, *a sport*, item *to sport*
Bowsteous, *boisterous*
Bowster, *a Bolster*
Bow, *a fold of cattle*
Brand, *a sword*
Brawnd, *the muscels*
Branglit, *brand shed*
Braif, *brave*
Brankand, *prancing*
Bratle, *to clash*
Braw, *brave, fine*
Brae, *side of a hill, Bank of a river*
Braid, *broad* item *to haste, arise*
Braids *or* Brade, *is like*, or *takes after*
Brais *or* brace, *Embrace*
Brash, *brush*
Breiks, *breeches*
Bricht, *bright*
Brie, *eye brow*
Brilzean, *brillant*
Brim, *fierce*
Brocht, *brought*
Brod, *to prick or spur*
Broek, *the badger*
Browdin, *fond of*
Browster, *brewer*
Brudie, *teeming, fertile*
Bruik *brook or enjoy*
Bruikit, *blackened*
Brukil, *brittle*
Brynt, *brunt*
Bud, *bribe*
Buke *or* Buik, *book*
Buith, *booth or shop*
Buith-meal, *shop rent*
Buiting, *booty*
Bundin, *bound*
Bun, *arse*
Bure *did bear*
Burn *a brook*
Burde, *board*
Burdoun, *a palmers staff*
[illegible]ment, *men laying in du[illegible]*

Ho, *the Singular of hoft*
Hobled, *cobled*
Hoift, *cough*,
Holk, *to dig*,
Holtik, *made hollow*
Holtis, *hills, high ground*
How, *hollow*
Howis --
Howdrand, *biding*
Howk, *to dig*
Howlat, *an owl*
Howp, *hope*
Hude, *hood*
Hud-pyk *a thief*
Huly, *flow*
Hure, *whore*
Hurcheon, *hedge hog*
Hurklis, *goes bowed and decrepid*
Hynd, *ſtraight*
Hyd, *to hide*
Hynt, *to take*.

## J A

Jangleris, *contenders*
Jaip, *to jeſt or cheat*, item, *to heave and ſet*
Jap, *a daſh of water*
Jely, *joly*
Jimp, *neat*
Jeil *or* Gell, *(Saint)* the Patron Saint of Edinburg
Jouk, *to bow*
Jyb, *to mock*
Ilk, *each*
Ilka, *every*
Infek, *infect*
Inlaik, *to come ſhort*
Ilfard, *illfavoured*
Inding, *unworthy*
Ingle, *a fire*
Inglis, *Engliſh*
Ithandly, *buſily without intermiſſion*

## K A

KA, *to drive*
Kahute, *a little houſe*
Kail, *colewort or cabage*, item *broth*.
Kaip *or* Kap, *cup or top*
Kaves, *calves*
Keiſt, *did caſt*
Kemd, *combed*
Ken, *to know*
Kene, *kene*
Kend, *knew*
Kenſy, *a ruſtick*
Kep, *to catch what moves toward one*
Kepar, *ſuch a catcher*
Kinrick, *kingdom*
Kimmer, *a comer or ſee goſſip*
Kinnen, *Rabits*
Kiltit, *tucked up*
Kirn, *churne*
Kirtle, *petycoat*
Kiſt, *cheſt*
Kittle, *difficult*, item *tickliſh*
Kinſch, *a hoop*, to count his Kinſch, *to bit his part*
Knaif, *knave*
Knapſka, *knapſack*
Knaw, *know*
Knicht, *knight*
Know, *hillock*
Kowſchot *or* Cowſchot, *the ring-dove*
Kuke, *cook*
Ky, *kine*
Kyte, *belly*
Kyth, *to ſhew*

**Blad**, *a stroke*, item, *a big piece of*---
**Blae**, *livid*
**Bland**, *to mix*
**Blathy**, *wet*
**Blate**, *bashful*
**Blaw**, *blow*
**Bleber**, *to bable*
**Bledoch**, *butter milk*
**Bleir**, *to make the eyes red or dim*
**Blent** *looked*
**Blether**, *to stammer and speik nonsense*
**Blink**, *a small sight* item *to sparkle*
**Blinkit**, *looked hastily*
**Bluxe**, *bloom*
**Blude**, *blood*
**Bodin**, *furnished*
**Bodword**, *message*
**Bocht**, *bought*
**Bog**, *marsh*
**Boist**, *to boast*
**Bok**, *to vomit*
**Bony**, *beautiful* item *little*
**Boitings** *or* **Buiting**, Boots
**Bot** *but*, item *without*
**Bougars**. *Rafters*
**Bouk**, *the body*. item *bulk*
**Bougil** *a young bull*, item *his horn*
**Boun**, *ready to go*
**Bourd**, *a sport*, item *to sport*
**Bowstcous**, *boisterous*
**Bowster**, *a Bolster*
**Bow**, *a fold of cattle*
**Brand**, *a sword*
**Brawnd**, *the muscels*
**Branglit**, *brandished*
**Braif**. *brave*
**Brankand**, *prancing*
**Bratle**, *to clash*
**Braw**, *brave, fine*
**Brae**, *side of a hill, Bank of a river*
**Braid**, *broad* item *to haste, arise*
**Braids** *or* **Brade**, *is like*, or *takes after*
**Brais** *or* **Brace**, *Embrace*
**Brash**, *brush*
**Breiks**, *breeches*
**Bricht**, *bright*
**Brie**, *eye brow*
**Brilzean**, *brillant*
**Brim**, *fierce*
**Brocht**, *brought*
**Brod**, *to prick or spur*
**Brock**, *the badger*
**Browdin**, *fond of*
**Browster**, *brewer*
**Brudie**, *teeming, fertile*
**Bruik** *brook or enjoy*
**Bruikit**, *blackened*
**Brukil**, *brittle*
**Brynt**, *brunt*
**Bud**, *bryde*
**Buke** *or* **Buik**, *book*
**Buith**, *booth or shop*
**Buith-meal**, *shop rent*
**Buiting**, *booty*
**Bundin**, *bound*
**Bun**, *arse*
**Bure** *did bear*
**Burn** *a brook*
**Burde**, *hoard*
**Burdoun**, *a palmers staff*
**Bushment**, *men laying in ambush*
**Buts**, *a bush*
**Bute**, *help, advantage*
**But** *and* **bet**, *without*
**Byre**, *cow house*

## C A

CA *call*
Cabroch, *poor lean fleſh*
Cadgers, *higlers*
Calit, *called*
Champion *champion*
Cankart, *angry*, item, *ulcerated*
Canny, *happy convenient*
Canty, *chearful*
Caprouſy *an upper Garment*
Carline, *an old woman*
Carp, *to talk*
Carvel *a kind of ſhip*
Caſt, *a throw*
Cative *or* Captif *Captive or Slave*
Cawd *called*
Cawf, *calf*
Cawk, *chalk*
Cawkit, *did ſpyte*
Cauld, *cold*
Ceis, *to ceaſe*
Celcitude, *highneſs*
Celeſt, *heavenly*
Chalmer, *chamber*
Chaip, *eſchape*
Chafts, *the chops*
Chak, *to check*
Chat, *to hang on a gallows*
Cheil, *a perſon*
Cheir, *cheer* item, *chear*
Chenzie, *Chain*
Chereis, *cheriſh*
Clam Shells, *ſcalop ſhells*
Clan, *a Tribe*
Claſhes, *idle tales*
Claſh *to throw dirt*
Claith, *cloath*
Clais, *cloaths*
Clatter, *chatter*
Claw, *to ſcratch*
Cleft, *the cleaving*
Clene, *clean*
Clerk, *generally uſed for a learned Man*
Clewis *or* Cleuchs, *cliffs*
Cleikit, *laid hold on*
Cleith, *cloath*
Cleuch, *hollow betwixt hills*
Clipit, *called*
Clips, *Eclips*
Clokks, *Beetles*
Clod, *to throw.*
Cluds, *clouds*
Cluke, *to hook*
Clum *or* clam, *climbed*
Cluves, *hoves*
Codroch, *miſerable and nafty*
Combure, *to burn*
Coft, *bought*
Con, *the Squirrel*
Comich, *comick*
Corbie, *a Raven*
Corinoch *a highland coat*
Cowhowby, *cowherd*
Cowd, *cut or chipped*
Courtas, *courteous*
Couth, *cold* item *familiar*
Covetice, *Covetouſneſs*
Cour, *to ſtoop and creep low*
Crabit, *ſurly, angry*
Craig, *the neck*, item *a rock*
Craif, *crave*
Craw, *the crow*
Crap, *did creep*
Craik, *to crank*
Crawdon, *fain hearted*
Creiſh, *greaſe*
Creils, *baſkets*
Crouſe, *briſk and bold*
Cruif *a lodge*

Cryne, *wither and grow less*
Crum, *a litle bit*
Cule, *cool*
Cum *come*
Cunzie *coyn*
Cun, *taste*
Cummersom *traublesom*
Culroun, *a rascal*
Curches, *kerchiefs or head-linnen*
Cuik, *cook*
Curpal, *Crupper*
Custe, *did cast*, item *vomit*
Cute, *ancle, joint*, item *a trifle*

## D A

DAE, *do*
Daft, *mad, foolish*, merry
Dairthful, *dear*
Dander, *wander carelesly*
Dang, *defeat*
Danton, *to quell*
Dapill, *daple*
Daw, *dawn*, item *a sluggard*
Dawing, *dawning*
Deave *or* Deif, *to deafen*
Deid, *dead*, it *death*, it *deed*
Deil, *deal*, item *devil*
Dink, dynk, *saucy*, item, *finely drest*
Denty, *fine*
Deme, *to deem*
Demyng, *condemning or damning*.
Depairt, *to divide*
Depaynt, *painted*
Deray, *Noise, sporting*, Gambols.
Derch, *a dwarf*
Dern, *Secret*
Derth, *dearth*
Desavit, *deceived*
Det, *debt*
Devalling, *descending hastily*.
Dew, *due*
Dicht, *to clean*, item *dressed deckt*.
Ding, *to beat or overcome*
Ding, *worthy*
Dirtin, *besbitten*
Denzie, *to deign*
Docht, *could availed*
Dochter, *daughter*
Dois, *does*
Dok, *arse*
Donk, *moist*
Doss, *neat regular*
Up dost, *put in order*.
Dow, *to be able*
Dow, *dove*
Dowbart, *dull Fellow*
Douchty, *hardy, valiant*
Dowf, *heavy Fool* item *dull melancholy*
Dour, *sullen hard*
Dous, *solid, grave*
Draif, *drave*
Drait *or* Dret, *shit*.
Drawkit, *wet*
Drie *to endure*.
Dreich, *tedious*
Dreiry, *lonsome and mournful*
Dring, *a miser*
Droich, *a dwarf*
Drone, *to act lazily*
Droukit *drenched*
Droup, *to droop*
Dryt, *shite*
Dwam, *qualm*

Duba, *mire and little pools*
Duds, *rags*
Duils, *goals*
Dule, *pain*
Dume, *doom*
Dumb, *dumb*
Dunt, *to beat hard*
Dung, *beaten*
Duris, *doors*
Dwalm, *to swoon or take a qualm*
Dyne *to dine*
Dynt, *stroak*
Dyvour, *a bankrupt*

## E A

EARD, Eeird, *or* Erde, *earth*
Ee, *eye*,
Edert, *Edward*
Edder-ſtangit, *ſtung by an adder*
Egil, *the Eagle*
Eik, *to add*, item *alſo*
Eild, *age*
Eir, *ear* item *e'er*
Eiryneſs, *fear of ſpirits and goblins*
Eiſe, *eaſe*
Eit, *to eat*
Eith, *eaſy*
Eme, *uncle*
Empaſhed, *hindred*
Elbuck, *elbow*
Elritch, *gloſtly, wild, loneſome*
Enameillit, *enameleit*
Ene, *eyes*
Inch, *enough*
Enſenzie, *enſign*
Erſch, *iriſh*
Ettle, *to aim*
Eſperance, *hope*
Eſchapit, *eſcaped*
Everichone, *every one*
Eydently, *ſee* ithandly
Eyndle, *to be jealous*
Eynling, *jealouſy*

## F A

FA, *fall*
Fac, *foe*
Falſet, *falſhood*
Faik, *a fold to quit*
Fair, *to go or paſs*
Fairdy *clever and light*
Falzie *or* Felzie *to fail*
Fand, *found*
Fangs, *paws and claws*
Fang, *to graſp*
Fankle, *to entangle*
Faſh *or* Faſche, *to trouble*
Faſſoun, *faſhion*
Faw, *fall*
Faws, *gets*
Fauld *or* Fund, *fold*
Faut, *fauld*
Fay, *faith*
Fazart, *a daſtard*
Fecht, *fight*
Feckleſs, *without ſtrength*
Fedder, *a Father*
Fedderem, *wings*
Feid, *feud, hatred*
Feldom, *fatality*.
Feilty, *ſubjection*
eil, *ſenſe*, item *many*
Feir, *fear*,
Feir *light*

Fer or fere, *companion*
Feit, *hired*
Fen, *to live*
Fenzie, *to feign*
Ferly, *to wonder* & *wonder*
Ferd, *fourth*
Ferſs, *force*
Fey, *predeſtinated to death, or ſome misfortune*
Feynd, *fiend, the devil*
Ficht, *fight*
Fie or Fe *a herd of cattle*
Firy-fary, *hurry confuſion*
Fiſch, *fiſh*
Fitch, *to move*
Flenderis, *ſplinters*
Flang, *did fling*
Flane, *an arrow*
Flaucht, *a blaze of lightning*
Flauchter ſpade *ſpade for flaying turf.*
Flaws, *lies*, Flae, *to lie*
Fleiche, *to flatter*
Fleim or Fleme, *to baniſh*
Flet, *did flyte or chide*
Fley, *to fright*
Flit, *to remove*,
Flichter, *flutter like a bird*
Flocht, *flight, fear anxiety*
Flyte, *chide*
Flure, *floor*
Fog, *Moſs*
Forfairn, *abuſed*
Forfochten, *tired and faint with fighting*
Forleit, *to forſake*
Forment, *oppoſite to*
Forwayit, *gave way*
Forworthin, *worthleſs*
Forlane, *alone*
Forlopin, *vagabond*
Forzet, *to forget*; item *forgotten*
Folter, *a forreſter*, item *nurſe*
Fow, *full*, item *drunk*
Fouman, *a pole cat*
Fouth, *abundance*
Frae, *from*
Fragil, *weak, tender, frail*
Frank, *hall*
Frawart, *croſs and ugly*
Freiks, *impertinent fools*
Freid, *freedom*
Fremit, *ſtrange not a kin*
Freptie, *the ruffling or fold of cloath*
Fricht, *fright*
Fripon, *a knave*
Friſt, *to truſt or give credit*
Fruſch, *eaſily broken*
Fu, *full*
Fude, *the tail*
Fude, *food*
Fuff, *to blow*
Fule, *fool*
Fund *found*
Furder, *to ſpeed* item, *further*
Fure, *wait on*, item *fared*
Furthy, *free in behaviour*
Fute, *foot*
Futher, *or* Fudder, *a great many*
Fyrefangt, *burnt*
Fylock, *a young mare*
Fyle, *defile*
Fyke, *to be reſtive*
Fyne, *fine*

## G A

GAB, *the mouth*
Gad or Ged, *Good*
Gædder, *gather*
Gae, *go*
Gaif, *gave*
Gains, *serves*
Gair, *greedy*
Gait, Gate, *Way method* item *goat.*
Gaislings, *gosslings*
Galziart *brisk, jolly, wanton*
Gams, *gums*
Gan, *began*
Gane, *gone,* item *serve*
Gane, *mouth*
Gang, *to go*
Gaunt, *to yawn*
Gar *to make or oblige*
Gardevyance, *a case of Instruments*
Garth, *a garden or inclosure*
Gaw, *gall*
Gawf, *a Laugh.*
Gawsy, *large and fat*
Geck, *mock, or cast up the head in derision*
Gein, *given*
Geir, *wealth*
Gemmer, *gender*
Gent, *gentile*
Genterice, *honourable Birth*
Gentileness, *clemency*
Genzie, *a dart or arrow.*
Gersome, *a certain Fine paid at the renewing of a Lease*

Get, [illegible]
Ghaist, [illegible]
Gie, [illegible]
Gif, [illegible]
Gild, [illegible]
Gilt, [illegible]
Gimp, [illegible]
Gird, [illegible]
Girn, [illegible] Snare.
Girth, [illegible]
Glamour, [illegible]
Glaik, [illegible]
Glar, [illegible]
Glave, [illegible]
Gle or [illegible]
Gled, [illegible]
Gleim, [illegible]
Gleid, [illegible]
Glen [illegible]
Glengore [illegible] French [illegible]
Glore, [illegible]
Glonsch[illegible]
Glonn, [illegible]
Glour, [illegible]
Gluves, [illegible]
Goldsm[illegible]
Golk or [illegible]
Glist, [illegible]
Gowden, [illegible]
Gowkit, [illegible]
Grape [illegible]
Graif, [illegible]
Grain, [illegible]
Grangis, [illegible] Granneries
Graith, [illegible] utensils, [illegible]
Graithed, [illegible]

## G A

GAB, *the mouth*
Gad *or* Ged, *Goad*
Gædder, *gather*
Gae, *go*
Gaif, *gave*
Gains, *serves*
Gair, *greedy*
Gait, Gate, *Way method* item *goat.*
Gaistings, *gestings*
Galsiart *brisk, jolly, wanton*
Gams, *gums*
Gan, *began*
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Gimp, *see* Jimp
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Girn, *to grin,* item *a trap or Snare,*
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Glaik, *to pass time idly*
Glar, *Myre*
Glave, *a sword*
Gle *or* Glie, *mirth*
Gled, *a kite*
Gleim, *small flame*
Gleid, *small spunk of fire*
Glen *a hollow between mountains*
Glengore *or* Grandgore, *the* French *pox*
Glore, *glory*
Glunschoch, *sour fellow*
Gloum, *to knit the eye brows*
Glour, *to stare*
Gluves, *gloves*
Goldfynk, *the goldfinch*
Golk *or* Gowk, *the cuckow*
Glift, *to glister*
Gowden, *golden*
Gowkit, *foolish*
Graipe *to grope*
Graif, *the grave* item *grave*
Grain, grane, *groan*
Grangis, *corn fields, barns and Granneries*
Graith, *to make ready,* item *utensils, necessary things*
Graithed, *attyred, made ready*

Grat, *did weep*
Grein, *to long for earnestly*
Greit, *weep*, item *great*
Grene, *green*
Grei, *degree*
Gres *or* gers, *grass*
Grit or greit, *great*
Grots, *oats half ground*
Growf, *to lay flat on ones belly*
Grund, *ground*
Grundin, *sharped*
Gruntill, *a sow*
Grunzie, *snout or nose*
Gryce, *a pig*
Gwairdoun, *protection*
Guiks, *expects time foolishy and delays.*
Gude *or* guid, *good*
Gudes, *riches*
Guims, *gums*
Gule, *redish yellow*
Gule Snout, *red nos'd*
Guleschoch, *the jaundice*
Gurlie, *surlie*
Gyant, *giant*
Gyde, *guide*
Gydar, *guider*
Gymmer, *court and enjoy*
Gymp, *neat, pretty*
Gyse *or* gyis, *guise*

## H A

HA, *hall*
Habitiklis, *tabernacles*
Hae, *have*
Haggies, *a kind of pudding*
Hailsum, wholsome,
Haif, *have*
Hairns, *or* Harnis, *brains*
Hair *or* hairy, *hoary gray*
Hald, *hold*
Haly, *holy*
Hals, *to salute*
Hame, *home*
Handsell, *the first money that a merchant gets.*
Hankit, *held with ropes*
Hap, *hop*, item *chance*
Harle, *to drag*
Harnist, *harnished*
Harns, *see* Hairns
Harse *or* Hairs, *hoarse*
Having, *behaviour*
Hawkit, *white faced*
Hawtane, *haughty*
Heal, Heil, *health*
Hecht, *to promise, a promise*
Hecht, *named*
Heich, *heigh*
Heilit *or* heilded, *upheld*
Heir *here*, item *hear*
Heisit, *lifted up, hoised*
Herbry, *harbour*
Heryit, *spoiled, impoverished*
Hether, *heath*
Hevin, *heaven*
Heuch, *a rock, a steep hill,*
Hew, *hue*
Heynd, *quick clever*
Hie, *high*
Hicht, *height*
Hicher, *higher*
Hidlings, *hiding place*
Hint, *snatched*
Hinny, *honey*
Hir, *her*
Hird, *who watches the flocks of cattle*
Hirpland *going like one lame.*
Hitch, *to move*

S

Ho, *the Singular of hes*
Hobled, *cobled*
Hoist, *cough*,
Holk, *to dig*,
Mollok, *made hollow*
Holtis, *hills, high ground*
How, *hollow*
Howis --
Howdrand, *biding*
Howk, *to dig*
Howlat, *an owl*
Howp, *hope*
Hude, *hood*
Hud-pyk *a thief*
Huly, *slow*
Hure, *whore*
Hurcheon, *hedge hog*
Hurklis, *goes bowed and decrepid*
Hynd, *streight*
Hyd, *to hide*
Hynt, *to take*.

## J A

Jangleris, *contenders*
Jaip, *to jest or cheat*, item, *to heave and set*
Jap, *a dash of water*
Jely, *joly*
Jimp, *neat*
Jeil *or* Gell, *(Saint)* the Patron Saint of *Edinburg*
Jouk, *to bow*
Jyb, *to mock*
Ilk, *each*
Ilka, *every*
Infek, *infect*
Inlaik, *to come short*
Ilfard, *illfavourd*
Inding, *unworthy*
Ingle, *a fire*
Inglis, *English*
Ithandly, *busily without intermission*

## K A

KA, *to drive*
Kahute, *a little house*
Kail, *colewort or cabage*, item *broth*.
Kaip *or* Kap, *cup or top*
Kaves, *calves*
Keist, *did cast*
Kemd, *combed*
Ken, *to know*
Kene, *keue*
Kend, *knew*
Kensy, *a rustick*
Kep, *to catch what moves toward one*
Kepar, *such a catcher*
Kinrick, *kingdom*
Kimmer, *a comer or she gossip*
Kinnen, *Rabits*
Kiltit, *tucked up*
Kirn, *churne*
Kirtle, *petycoat*
Kist, *chest*
Kittle, *difficult*, item *tickle*
Kinsch, *a hop*, to count his
Kinsch, *to bit his part*
Knaif, *knave*
Knapska, *knapsack*
Knaw, *know*
Knicht, *knight*
Know, *billock*
Kowshot *or* Cowschot, *the ring-dove*
Kuke, *cook*
Ky, *kine*
Kyte, *belly*
Kyth, *to shew*

## L A

Laggerit, *bemired*
Laich, *low*
Laid, *load*
Laif *or* lave, *the rest*
Lair, *learning*, item *a place to ly in*
Laik, *to want*
Lains, *themselves*
Laip, *to lap as a dog*
Laisure, *leasure*
Laist, *laced*
Laith, *loath*
Laithly, *lothsome.*
Laits, *manners*
Landwart, *the country*
Lane *loan*
Langour, *wearyness*
Lans, *a lance*
Lans *to dart*
Lap, *did leap*
Larbour, *wooden*
Lathand, *feeble, weak and faded.*
Law, *low*
Lawtie, *honesty. justice*
Lawland, *lowland*
Leil *or* leal, *honest*
Leiſches, *lashes*
Leich, *leech or dr.*
Leid, *a person*, item *language*
Leif, *leave*, item, *to live*
Leim *or* leam, *flame*
Leil, *honest lawful*
Leis, *loves*, leis me, *it pleases me*
Leiſings, *lies*
Leiſt, *le ast*
Leir, *to learn*
Lemman, *courtezan or concubine.*
Lends, *Buttocks*
Leſum, *lawful*
Leuch, *did laugh.*
Lever, *rather*
Leur, *rather*
Liar or Lyart, *hoary*
Licht, *light* item *merry*
Licharie, *lechery*
Lichtly, *undervalue*
Lickmadowps, *servile flatterers, that salute like dogs*
Lidder, *slow, lazy*
Lie, *corn lands untiled for some years*
Lie *or* le, *calm*
Lift, *the sky*
Ligg, *to ly*
Limm, *limb*
Limmer, *thief and whore*
Limp, *to halt*
Lin *a precepice where water falls*
Linkit, *went hastily*
Lippen, *depend*
Lipper, *leaprous*
Liſk, *groin or flank*
Loan, *where the cows are milked*
Lokar, *curled*
Loppin, *did leap*
Lore, *learning*
Low, *flame.*
Lown, *a whore or rogue*
Lounger, *hanging-headed*
Loun, *calm*
Lowp to *leap*
Lowpar. *leaper*
Lout, *to bow low,*
Lows, *loose*

Lude, *loved*
Lufe, *love*, item *the palm of the hand*
Lutray, *gifts*
Luggs, *ears*
Luggit, *to draw by the ears*
Luid, *loved*
Luims, *looms*
Luviar, *lover*
Luk or Luck, *fortune*
Luke *or* Luik, *look*
Lukit *or* lucken *closed together*
Lum, *chimney*
Lundge, *to bang downward*
Lunzie, *loyne*
Lute, *did let*
Lurdane, *blockhead, or lazy fellow*
Luſchbald, *a ſluggard*
Lyfe, *life*
Lyke, *like*
Lyking, *beloved*
Lymmer *a whore and knave*
Lyre, *the complexion*
Lyth *a joynt*.
Lytit, *dyed lifted*

## M A

MAE, *moe*
Maheun, *the devil*
Maid, *made*
Mak, *make*
Makkars, *Poets*
Maleſon, *malediction*
Maik, *mate or match*
Mailpayers, *farmers*
Main *or* mane, *to moan*
Maiſt, *moſt*.
Mair, *more*
Man, *muſt*
Mait, *mate*
Mandrag, *mandrake*
Mangit, *bruiſed maimed*
Mankit, *wanting*
Mant, *to ſtammer*
Mantil, *mantle*
Marrow, *fellow or mate*
Mauchs, *maggots*
Maith, *muſt*
Mavis, *a thruſh*.
Mekle *or* mickle, *much*
Mell, *to meddle or contend*
Melliſluat, *ſweet flowing*
Melteth, *a meal of meat*
Meid *or* mede, *mood* item *a reward*
Meil, *meal*.
Mein *or* mene *mean*
Meis, *to ſtill or mitigate*
Meiths, *bounds, limits or marks*
Mends, *amends*
Menzie, *company or retinue*.
Menſweir, *ſwear againſt*
Menſworn, *perjured*
Merkand, *marking*
Merle, *the merlin, a bird*
Meſſen, *a lap dog*
Mete, *to meaſure*
Micht, *might*
Midding, *dunghill*
Mikane, *alone*
Minglit, *mingled*
Mint, *to attempt, to aim*
Minny, *mother*
Minſtrell, *muſician*
Mirk, *or* Merk, *dark*
Miſken, *to miſknow*, item *forbear*
Miſmade, *deformed*
Miſter, *to need*

Mok, *to mock*
Mold, *the ground*
Mony, *many*
Morther, *murder*
Mot, *may*
Mou, *mouth*
Moud, *mouthed.*
Mows, *jest*
Muck, *dung*
Mude, *mood*
Mune, *moon*
Muir *or* mure *a heath*
Mumting, *muttering,*
Murderieſt *murdered*
Murgeon, *to make ſigns or imitate.*
Muve *or* mufe, *move*
Myce *or* Myſs, *mice*
Mynd, *mind*
Myne, *mine*
Mynt, *to offer or attempt*
Mynzion, *mignon*
Myting, *a mite*

## N A

NA, nae, *no*
Nains, *nanes,* the Purpoſe.
Naithing, *nothing*
Nane, *none*
Neir, *near*
Neir, *never*
Neis, *the noſe*
Neiſt, *next*
Neif *or* nieve, *fiſt*
Nek, *a term, at chefs, when the King cannot be guarded from a check*
Nevell, *a ſtroak with the fiſt*
Nicht, *night*
Niggarts, *niggards*
Nocht, *nought, frequently for not.*
Nolt, *Stroak on the head*
Nold, *would not*
None, *or* Nune, *noon*
Noy, *annoy*
Noyis, *noiſe*
Nowther, *neither*
Nuik *or* Nuke, *nook, corner*
Nurifar, *nuriſhing*
Nurture, *education,* item *correction*
Nybill, *to pike*
Nys, *nice*

## O B

OBliſit, *obliged*
Ocht, *ought or aught*
Odivill, *hateful*
Ockerar, *an uſerer*
Oiſt, *hoſt*
Ony, any
Opinzion, *opinion*
Or, *before*
Oriſons, *prayers*
Ot, *of it*
Owre, *over*
Owrefrett, *overſpread, imbelliſhed*
Owrequhelm, *overwhelm* &c. *all the other owres.*
Owk, *week*
Owther, *either*
Owſen, *oxen*
Oxter, *arm-pit*
Oys, *grandchildren*

T

## P A

Paddock *a frog*
Paddock-rude, *spawn of frogs*
Padzian, *Pageant*
Paiks, *chastisement*
Pais, *peace, Ester*
Paitlait, *an under-coat*
Paip, *the Pope*
Pallions, *Pavilions*
Palat, *skin*
Pang, *to stuff*
Panie, *pause*
Pare, *to empair*
Pauchty, *haughty*
Pawps, *paps or breasts*
Payntit, *painted*
Pech, *to breath short*
Peild, *spied*
Peir, *an equal*
Peis, *peas*
Pelour *a piligarlick.*
Pennair, *a pencase*
Pens, *plumes*
Perfay, *in faith*
Persis, *pierce*
Persave, *perceive*
Persew, *pursue*
Pet, *a favourite, to take the Pet, to be peevish*
Pingle, *to strive or labour with difficulty.*
Pik *pitch*
Pisch, *to piss*
Pith, *strength*
Plaid, *a loose upper garment*
Plait *fold*
Plaint, *complaint*
Plack, *third part of a penny*
Pleids, *contentions*
Plein, *complain*
Pleinzie, *complaint*
Pleis, *please*
Plesans, *pleasure*
Plet, *to twist, twisted*
Pleuch, *plow*
Pley, *contest or squable*
Plight, *plighted*
Polk, *pok, or little sack*
Posody, *a sort of* highland *broth*
Pow, *to pull*
Pow, *poll or head*
Poutch, *pocket*
Powner, *to prog*
Practick, *practice*
Preif *or* preine, *prove, try, or taste*
Preincod, *pincushion*
Preiving, *trying*
Preise, *press*
Prent, *print or impression*
Prevene, *to prevent*
Propyne, *a present*
Prydless, *humble*
Prysis, *prizes*
Puncis, *putises*
Punde, *to sequester*
Puldritude, *beauty*
Pure *or* puir, *poor* item *pure*
Puirtith, *poverty*
Purflit, *ruffled*
Purse-pyk, *pick-purse*
Pusiance, *power*
Pyne, *pain*

## Q U

Quantance, *acquaintance*
Quat, *did quite or quit*
Quay, *young cow*

Qraver *quiver*
Quene, *queen*
Quell, *to kill*
Quha, *who*
Quhail, *whale*
Quhais, *whoſe*
Quhair, *where*
Quhat, *what*
Quhat-reck, *what the matter*
Quhelp, *a whelp*
Quheils, *wheels*
Quheit, *wheat*
Quhen, *when*
Quhene, *a part*
Quhilk, *which*
Quidder, *whither*
Quhip, *whip*
Quhittle *a knife*
Quhitly, *pale and thin*
Quhirl, *whirl*
Qhois, *whaſe*
Quhom, *whom*
Quhylkom, *ſometime ago*
Quhy, *why*
Quhyle, *while*, item *untill*
Quhyte *White*
Quod, quoth, *ſaid*

## R A

RAE, *roe*
Rad *or* Red, *feared*
Rackleſs *or* reckleſs, *to act carelesly or raſh*
Raif, *rave did rive*
Raing *a circle*
Raik, *to go a quick pace.*
Raip, *a rope*
Rair, *to roar*
Rait, *rate*
Rang, *rung*
Ranigald, *a fooliſh ſcold*
Rak, *fog, or miſt*
Ramand, *crying*
Raſch, *raſh*
Ratches, *bounds*
Raw, *row*
Rawmoud, *beardleſs, ſimple*
Raucht, *reacht*
Rax, *ſtretch*
Rebald, *a talker of nonſenſe or rebaldry*
Red *or* reid, *to wiſh*, item *fear.*
Redour, *fright*
Rehatour, *a malicious enemy*
Reid, *red*, item *to read*
Reik, *ſmoak* item *to reach*
Reikit, *rigged*, item *ſmoked*
Reird, *noiſe*
Reiſt, *to dry in a chimney*
Reive *or* reve, *to rob*
Rever *a rober*
Renzie, *the rein of a bridle*
Reprieve, *reprove*
Reſave, *receive*
Reſone *or* Reſoun, *reaſon*
Revers, *robbers*
Revers, *the rovers at which the archers ſhoot*
Rewth, *pity*
Rewme, *realme*
Rewyme, *ruine*
Rew, *to take pity*, item *to repent*
Richt, *right*
Richt now *lately*
Rift *to belch*
Rigg, *the back*, item a ridge
Rilling, *a ſhoe made of rough untan'd leather*

Rink, *a courſe*
Ring, *to reign*
Riſpies, *bulruſhes*
Roches, *rocks*
Roir, *to roar*
Rok, *a diſtaff*, item *to roll or move from one ſide to the other*
Rone, *Bramble or briar*
Row, *a roll to roll*
Rowth, *abundance*
Rowpand, *crying-hoarſe*
Rowms, *rooms*,
Rowmis *to make a noiſe*
Roun, *whiſper*
Roung, *or* rung *a cloun's ſtaff*
Rowt, *to bellow or low like a bull.*
Royis, *raves*
Ruch, *rough*
Rude, *redneſs*
Rede, *a croſs*
Rug, *to pull with force*
Rukes, *crows*
Rukis, *ricks*
Rundge, *to range and gather*
Rumple, *a rump*
Rute, *root*
Ruſe *or* ruiſe, *to commend, praiſe, extoll*
Ruther, *the rudder*,
Ryall, *royall*
Ryſe or Riſe, *common*
Rynk, *rank*
Rys *or* Ryce, *dwarf buſhes of wood*
Ryle, *riſe*
Ryve, *to tear and ſpleet*

## S A

SA. ſae, *ſo*
Saft, *ſoft*
Saif, *ſave*
Saikleſs, *innocent*
Sain *or* ſaine, *to bleſs*
Sair, *ſore*
Sane, *ſay*
Sall, *ſhall*
Sald, *ſold*
Sang, *ſong*
Sans, *without*
Sar, *ſavour*
Sargeand, *ſerjeant*
Sark, *ſhirt*
Sary, *ſorry*
Saw, *old ſaying or prophecy*
Saw, *word or promiſe*
Sauch, *a willow*
Saucht, *at eaſe, in peace*
Saul, *ſoul*
Sauld, *ſae ſald*
Sawrs, *ſavours ſmells*

*N.B.* the *c* here between the *ſ* and *h*, tho' it is never uſed now, yet it was ſeldom neglected by our old Gentlemen; therefore any hard Word that begins with only *ſh*, look for it in *ſch*

Scant, *ſcarce*
Schaip, *to fit*
Schairp, *ſharp*
Schaw, *ſhew*
Schaws, *little woods*
Sched, *ſeparate*

Schell, *shepherd's coat*
Schene, *shining*
Schent, *troubled, confounded, spoiled, ruined*
Scheip, *sheep*
Scheild, *unbuked*, item *a Sheild*
Schilling, *Meal before it is sifted*
Schit, *a blasted little creature*
Schogled, *dangled*
Shoif, *or she will, or she'll*
Schog, *to shake*
Scho, *she*
Schore *to threat*
Schot, *shot*
Schir, *sir*
Screwis, *shrews*
Scouke, *shook*
Schuder *to shiver.*
Schune, *shoes*
Schule, *school*
Schupe, *made ready, intended*
Schure, *did shoer*
Scrimp, *scant*
Scoul, *to look grim, by letting fall the brows*
Seil, *seal*
Seil, *happiness, prosperity*
Seimly, *comely*
Seir *or* Sere, *several*
Sell, *self*
Seindle, *seldom*
Sen, *since*
Sene, *seen*
Sens, *sense*
Senfyne, *since that time*
Senzie, *signority*
Senzior, *senior*
Sefoun, *season*
Serve *or* Serf, *to deserve*
Sets *becomes*
Seuch, *a furrow or ditch*
Sey, *to try*
Scaldit, *burnt*
Scart, *hermaphrodite*
Scowrie *or* Skowrie, *meagre*
Scunder, *a qualm to loath*
Sib, *a kin*
Sic *or* Sik, *such*
Sich, *sigh*
Sicht, *sight*
Sicker, *sure*
Siller, *silver*
Sindle, *seldom*
Single, *a handful of gleaned corn*
Skail, *to scatter*
Skairs *or* Skers, *scarce*
Skaith, *loss, harm*
Skapit, *escaped*
Scant, *scarce*
Skap, *scalp*
Skar, *scar*
Skelf, *shelf*
Sklander *scandal*
Sklender, *Slender*
Sklent, *to go aside, to lie*
Skonce *to cover, a cover*
Sko'dirt, *parched*
Skorn, *scorn*
Skeich, *skittish*
Skoul, *hang or knit the brows*
Skink, *to fill drink*, item *strong broth*
Skirl, *to cry*
Skrows, *scrolls*
Skrudging *or* Skurging, *scouring.*
Skorie, *scurfe*
Skraip, *scrape*
Skryk, *to screech*

Skugry, *in hidlings*
Skulls, *hand baſkets*
Skum, *ſkim*
Skyth, *loſs hurt*
Sla, *ſlay*
Slae *ſloe*
Slaif, *ſlave*
Slait, *did ſlit or cut*
Slak, *an opening between hills*
Slaw, *ſlow*
Sleik, *ſmooth*
Sleuth, *cunning*
Slicht, *ſlight*
Slie, *ſlouth*
Slokin, *to quench*
Slogan *or* Slughorn, *a watch-word, peculiar to a certain name or ſet of people uſed to know their friends from enemies.*
Slouch, *a huſk*
Smeik, *a ſilly pityfull fellow*
Smeir, *beſmear*
Smidy, *ſmiths work-houſe*
Smit, *to infect*
Smot, *a ſpot as of greaſe on cloaths*
Smorit, *ſmothered*
Smuke, *ſmoak*
Smyt, *a ſmall ſpot*
Smyle, *to ſmile*
Snack, *clever*
Sneiſt, *to ſpeak tartly*
Sneir, *to ſnore*
Snell, *ſharp*
Sniſt, *to ſhew diſpleaſure by diſdainful looks*
Snude, *a womans headband for binding back the hair*
Soir, *ſore*
Solace, *recreation*
Soliſt, *to ſolicite*
nce *or* Sonſs, *luck happineſs*
Sonk, *a wreath of ſtraw uſed as a cuſhion, or a load ſadle*
Sonziet, *made excuſe*
Scranand, *to go about begging*
Sould, *ſhould*
Soverane, *ſovereign*
Soup, *ſweep*
Sound, *ſmooth*
Spae, *to prophecy*
Spane, *wane from ſuck*
Spate *or* Spait, *land flood or torrent*
Spang, *to leap*
Spavie, *ſtiffneſs in the hams, a horſe diſeaſe*
Spaul, *ſpald, the ſhoulder*
Speik, *to ſpeak*
Speil, *to climb*
Speir, *to aſk*, item *a ſpear*
Spence, *the buttery*
Spenzie, *ſpain*
Spill, *to ſpoil*
Spirling, *a very ſmall fiſh*
Sound, *ſmooth*
Spowt, *a guſh*
Sproy, *ſprigs buſhes*
Spring, *a tune*
Spulzie, *ſpoil*, item *to ſpoil*
Sprent, *a ſpring, to ſpring as a clock*
Spule, *a weaver's ſhuttle*
Squell *ſqueek*
Spank, *a ſpark of fire*
Spynand, *ſpinning*
Stane, *ſtone*
Stang, *ſting*
Stakis, *pile of corn*
Stall, *ſtole*
Stalwart, *robuſt*
Stakkar *ſtagger*,
Stark, *ſtrong*

**Stay**, *ſtreight, ſteep*
**Staw**, *ſtole*
**steik**, *to ſhut*
**Steir**, *ſtir*
**Stend**, *long Stryde*
**Stern**, *Star*
**Stevin**, *the voice*
**Sting** *or* **Stang**, *a pole*
**Stirk**, *a big bull calf*
**Stot**, *bullock*, item *a Note in muſick*
**Stour**, *duſt in motion*
**Stour**, *throng of battle*
**Stoup**, *prop or pillar*
**Stown**, *ſtolen*
**Staig**, *young horſe*
**Strang**, *ſtrong*
**Strae**, *Straw*
**Strak**, *did ſtrike*
**Strinkil** *to ſprinkle*
**Strynd**, *ſtrain*, item *kindred*
**Stalwart**, *large and ſtrong*
**Stalkers**, *Sturdy beggars*
**Stude**, *Stude*
**Study**, *ſmith's anvil*
**Sturdy**, *ſtout, and ſtrong*
**Sturt**, *vexation*
**Styme**, *ſmall ſight*
**Stypand**, *benefice*
**Stynt**, *to ſtay or hold*
**Sua**, *ſo*
**Sukkar**, **Sugar**
**Suith** *or* **Suth**, *truth*
**Suld**, *ſhould*
**Sune** ſone *ſoon*
**Swapit**, *featured*
**Swats**, *ſmall beer or dreg*
**Swankies**, *clever young fellows*
**Sum**, *ſome*
**Sulzie**, *to ſoil, item, ſoil, land*
**Supone**, *ſuppoſe*
**Sute**, *ſoot*
**Suth**, *truth*
**Swaird**, *the graſs ſurface the ground*
**Swat**, *did ſweat*
**Swankie**, *ſouple youngſter*
**Sweir**, *lazy*, item, *to ſwear*
**Sweirneſs**, *lazineſs*
**Swith**, *haſt, haſtylie*
**Swom** *ſwim*
**Soun**, *faint*
**Swynygeor**, *a tall wencher* item, *a ſcoundrel*
**Swyth**, *or* **ſwith**, *ſoon*
**Syis**, *times*
**Syke**, *a water ditch*
**Symmer**, *ſummer*
**Syne**, *afterward, then*
**Syre**, *ſire, father*
**Syte**, *ſorrow*

## T A

**TAE**, *toe*
**Tais**, *toes*
**Tacht**, *taught*
**Tallon**, *to tallow or greaſe*
**Tald**, *or* **Tauld**, *told*
**Taid**, *toad*
**Talzior**, *taylor*
**Targats**, *claſps or buckles*
**Targe**, a *ſhield*
**Tarrow**, *to refuſe*
**Tauch**, *tallow*
**Tawſy**, *little cup*
**Taz**, a *ſcourge or little whip*
**Tedder**, *a rope or band for horſes*
**Telzie**, *a cut of beef*
**Tene**, *anger*
**Tent**, *to notice*
**Teugh**, *tugh*
**Teynd**, *anger*

Thae, *thoſe*
Thair, *their, there*
Thairin, *within*
Thairout, *without*
Thay, *thoſe*
Thie, *thigh*
Thir, *thoſe*
Thocht, *thought, tho't*
Thole, *to ſuffer*
Thrawart, *or* trawart, *croſs*
Thrawis, *throws*
Thrawin, *croſs*, Thrawn vult *ill natured countenance*
Threfe, *in corn, twenty four ſheaves; applied to other things it means a great deal.*
Thring, *to wring or throng*
Throple, *the wind pipe*
Thyne, *thine*, item *thence*
Thud, *the noiſe rather Stronger than ſharp that things make that come on other with force and quickneſs*
Ticht, *handſome, tight*
Tig, *to ſport with gentle touches, pating and the like*
Tinſell, *loſe*
Tint, *loſt*
Tirl, *to give a ſmall ſharp ſtroke*, item *to uncover*
Tirly mirly, *a whirlygig*
Tittar, *rather*
Tod, *a fox*
Todder, *the other*
Toits *or* toyts, *freeks*
Tolbuith, *a priſon*
Towdy, *the arſe*
Towris, *towres*
Towmond, *twelve months*
Trantals, *nignays*
Trattles, *ſilly tales*
Traikit, *dragled*
Trayn, *train or lead*
Treachour *or* Treichour, *treacherous*
Trete or treit *treat*
Tretie *intreating*
Trew *true*
Trig, *neat*
Trow, *believe*
Truncheon *head or piece of a ſpear*
Trumpours, *deceivers*
Tryme, *handſome*
Trymbill, *tremble*
Tryſt, *an appointment*
Tung, *tongue*
Tuke, *took*
Tume, *empty*, item, *to empty*
Twa *or* twae, *two*
Twich, *touch*
Twyne, *to twine*
Tyde, *tide*
Tyke *a dog*
Tymmer, *timber*
Tyne, *or* tene, *loſs*
Tyne, tein *or* tene *anger*
Tynt, *loſt*
Tyte, *Stright ſoon, quickly*

## W. A.

WA, *wall*
Wad *or* Wed, *wager*
Wae, *woe*
Waefu, *woeful*
Wag, *ſhake*
Wait, *lonly, alone*
Wair, *wave*
Wair, *or* ware *to beſtow*

Waik, *weak*, item *wait*
Waith, *wandred or strayed*
Wakryfe, *little enclined to sleeping*
Wale, *the choice to choise*
Wald, *would*
Walop, *to galop*
Wallowit, *withered*
Waly, *large*
Wally-gowdy, *great jewell*
Walydraig, *a pityful creature or the most worthless of a number*
Wame, *womb*
Wan, *pale*, item *went*
Wanfuckit *ill nursed*
Wanworth, *worthless*
Wane *or* wain, *house*
Wanflers, *venus gamesters*
Wanrufe, *uneasy*
Warden, *guardian*
Warison, *reward*
Wark, *work*
Warlo, *a wretch*
Warie, *to free*
Wate *or* wait, *to know*
Waw, *a wall a wave*
Wedfet, *to mortgage*
Weil, *well*
Weind, *supposed*.
Weir, *war*
Weird, *fortune*
Weit, *rain*, item *to wet*
Wen, *or* wein, *to think or suppose*
Wend, *go away*
Weirly, *cautiously*
Wypit, *wiped or woped*
Wicht, *clever*
Wicht, *wight, a person*
Wicker, *willow*
Wid, *mad*
Widdert, *withered*
Widdy *or* wody, *the gallows*
Wie, *little*
Widdytow, *gallows fac'd*
Widdill, *an uneasy restless motion*
Will, *wild*
Wilsom, *wild*
Wimple, *to fold back and forward*
Winning, *dwelling*
Winnocks, *windows*
Wirdy, *or* wordy, *worthy*.
Wirk, *to work*
Wirry, *to wory*
Wist, *to know*
Wod, *a wood*
Won, *to dwell*
Wond, *dwelt*
Wont, *thought or supposed*
Wowit, *courted*
Wrak, *wreck*
Wowf, *wolf*
Wow, *a note of wonders*
Wraik *to vex*
Wraith, *the waste*
Wrait, *wrote*
Wrang, *wrong*
Wrocht, *wrought*
Wympler, *a curle or wave*
Wylie, *cunning*
Wyfe, *wife*
Wyfis, *wives*
Wyt, *to blame, the cause or blame*
Wys, *wise*
Wysp, *a handful of straw, or the like*

Valziant, *valiant*
Vanife, *vanish*
Udder, *other*
Velziet, *availed*

Venomit, *envenomed*
Vertew, *virtue*
Ug, *to loath*
Ugsome, *loathsome*
Vilfy, *to take a view of*
Ulie, *oyl*
Undocht, *one that can do nothing.*
Unfulziet, *undefiled*
Ungeird, *unarmed*
Unquit, *uncleared or unpaid*
Unsicker *unsure*
Unzeon, *union*
Vyce, *vice*
Vyle, *vile*

## Y

YCE, *ice*
Ydle, *idle*
Yle, *isle*
Ynd *India*
Yre, *ire*
Yreland, *Ireland*
Yron, *iron*

## Z A

ZAip *or* zap, *sharp set*
*h ungry*

Zamer, *to make a grumbling like a child*
Ze, *ye*, *item yea*
Zell, *ye'll*
Zellow, *yellow*
Zeid, *went*
Zeil, *ye will*
Zeild, *yield*
Zeir, *year*
Zelp, *yelp cry like a dog*
Zemen, *yeamen*
Zestrene, *yesternight*
Zet, *yet or gate*
Zing, *young*
Zit, *or* zet, *yet*
Zisterday, *yesterday*
Zolden, *holden*
Zoke, *yoak*
Zonkers, *youngsters*
Zon, *yon*
Zoul, *houl*
Zouth. *youth*
Zouthheid, *youth head*
Zule *Christmas*
Zung, *young*
Zyrne, *to earn or cradle at new cheese*

*N. B.* Some old *Scots* Words not explained in this glossary, through inadvertency in collecting and ranging of them, and some few, for which we can plead a better excuse, shall be annexed, with such in the third Volume as are not explained in this, which volume is to be published in a short time consisting chiefly of Satyres and interludes, wrote by Sir *David Lindsay* of the *Mount*, Lyon King at Arms and acted on the *Play Green* between *Leith* and *Edinburgh*, with several other Pieces never before printed,

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